THE LIVING AGE

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This Week

Europe, thinks M. Dumont-Wilden, is following the lead of ex-Chancellor Stresemann and trying to isolate France. He spares us most of the conventional arguments and scores a good point in showing how the flat-footed English Nonconformists, Liberals, and Radicals, inspired by highly moral and Wilsonian sentiments, are chiefly responsible for the hostility to the French. The conservative English gentleman, on the other hand, finds it much easier to get the Gallic point of view.

* * *

M. Hamon is going to horrify many of his countrymen by touching on the embarrassing subject of debts. There are some people so hopelessly materialistic as to be unable to see the European situation in any other light.

* * *

'Mit Gott, mein Herr Kamerad!' cries General von Moltke in the course of another of those encyclopædic *Living Age* exposés of the origin of the war. These words are drawn from the private correspondence of the Austro-Hungarian Chief of Staff, General Conrad von Hoetzendorff, from which it appears that a lot of Germans and Austrians with extraordinary names were the real war-culprits and that such old friends as the Kaiser and Franz-Josef were only secondary villains.

* * *

The suspicious conjectures of a writer for *La France Militaire* are hardly the soundest basis on which a thorough understanding of South American diplomacy could be based. But then, as the *Living Age* always says, it shows you what other people think.

* * *

We are being given a real taste of French literary criticism this week. In one article Paul Souday pays a tribute to the late Maurice Barrès, whose last essay was written in praise of Paul Bourget. There are too many *a*-sounds in that sentence.

* * *

The hero of Alec Waugh's story is a confirmed old scofflaw who drinks his port in spite of the gout. Had he stuck to sarsaparilla, he would have been much more comfortable but he could not have posed for this sketch.

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for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

STINNES ON REPARATIONS — *Fernand de Brinon*
The German Steel King Speaks to a French Journalist

POINCARÉ AND THE BRITISH LABOR VICTORY — *A. G. Gardiner*
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PROHIBITION IN FINLAND — *Doctor Arnold Holitscher*
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HOKO AND MOKO. *An Election Satire* — *Hilaire Belloc*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BAD TASTE — *Paul Westheim*
Why 'Popular Art' Is Popular

REDEEMERS OF THE FATHERLAND — *Rufino Blanco Fombona*
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The Twilight of Democracy?

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THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320—NUMBER 4153

FEBRUARY 9, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH POLITICAL PROSPECTS

In politics, as in war, the British expect to 'muddle through.' 'The excited predictions of Lord Birkenhead, the anticipatory wrangles of Mr. Lloyd George, and the fierce telegrams of the Clydeside Labor members,' writes the blunt-spoken editor of the London *Outlook*, 'are far less impressive than this quiet conviction of the whole country that England is strong enough to survive the worst its politicians can do. . . . The King's Government must still be carried on, but by a different method.'

Another thing the British are resolved upon is that no matter what happens the political game must be carried on according to the old rules. Labor may be distasteful to many, but it is to have its chance. 'Fair Play' still is a word with which to pull British prejudices up short. Mr. Asquith's interpretation of the very elastic British 'Constitution' to the effect that the King need not grant a Prime Minister's request for dissolution of Parliament, which would mean another election, has not been well received, but, being a minority party, Labor cannot carry through any programme except with the aid of Liberal votes, and as it is not likely that the reunited Liberal Party will support a Labor budget, unless it is so constructed as to blast the hopes of a large section of the Labor Party itself, another election is expected before many months. 'There are, in fact, two different aspects of Labor policy,' declares the same *Outlook*. 'One proposes to plunder the West End, the other to rebuild the East End.' But is n't the one conditioned on the other?

'We are likely to hear a great deal about political principles in the near future,' says another issue of the same cynical weekly. 'The point of honor will be debated, and the need for consistency and loyalty emphasized. In this matter, of course, the apparent advantage is with the Die-Hard of any party; the man who declares he will quit politics rather than abate one jot or tittle of his convictions gets the cheers — although other persons less unbending, we regret to say, generally get the jobs.' The point the editorial leads up to is that, no matter what the Conservatives and the Liberals may say, they will in time have to get together to put the Labor Party out.

In the meanwhile the advent of the MacDonald Cabinet is likely to have greater repercussions in foreign affairs than in domestic. Among the things the Labor Ministry is expected to do

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in addition to recognizing Russia is to urge her to enter the League of Nations; to call a World Reconstruction Conference, as suggested by General Smuts, to which the United States will be invited whether France accepts or not; to stimulate the United States to call another Arms Conference to deal with land and air armaments on the lines of the Washington Conference, as proposed by the American Legion; to abandon the Singapore base as wasteful and contrary to the spirit of the Washington treaties; to support Germany's admission to the League of Nations with a seat on the Council; to strengthen the authority of the League generally; and to take a lead in signing the 'Hague World Court Protocol,' accepting the principle of compulsory arbitration between signatory Powers; besides a number of minor measures of less far-reaching importance. At any rate, a new tone is expected in British foreign policies.

The London correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* telegraphed his paper an advance summary of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, giving a bold outline of a new British foreign policy, which may not be so new after all. Its starting-point is the assumption that the Entente has ceased to be cordial, which has been only too patent for some time. It then sketches in the true manner of the *stratège en chambre* a restoration of the old balance-of-power system in Europe, in which the French bloc would be offset by another comprising Great Britain, Germany, Poland, and Russia. England would also, besides holding on to her friends in the north, attempt closer relations with both Belgium and the Little Entente, particularly Rumania, and would support the Italian-Spanish rapprochement in the Mediterranean, giving Italy the support that Greece has hitherto enjoyed. Finally, England would attempt the modernization and reorganization of Turkey — an ambitious programme indeed, which would in effect 'isolate' France, as described in an article in this issue.

But there is no reason to suppose that Mr. MacDonald is any more hostile to France than his predecessors, though he may be more outspoken as to certain features of French policy. What he will probably seek to accomplish most of all is a future co-operation on a new basis, so as to assure the peace of Europe, though for that he may have to await the next French elections.

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THE HOETZENDORF MEMOIRS

As to how the World War started new evidence is continually made available. The fourth volume of the memoirs of Field-Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf, Chief of the Austrian General Staff, which has just been published in Vienna, and of which an extended summary is published in this week's issue, contains a new set of details which aid in fixing the exact course of events, if not the final responsibility.

Several reviews have been published in the European press, and, as might be expected, each reviewer has selected those items which he thought would especially interest his readers. Thus, in the Paris *Temps*, René Puaux, who during the war was attached to the publicity department of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, notes the contradictions between the German and Austrian versions of the various steps taken the last week in July, 1914. 'The testimony of Marshal Hoetzendorf does not accord,' he writes, 'with the assertions of Emperor William to President Wilson, according to which he claimed to have received from Vienna on July 30 a scheme for arbitration similar to that of Sir Edward

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Grey.' After noting a number of such contradictions, M. Puaux concludes: 'Such a tissue of lies surrounds all the Austro-German negotiations that special caution should be observed with regard to testimonies from either source. . . . The extracts cited prove the baseness of the two guilty Governments, each continually suspecting the other of treachery. Mutually they encouraged each other to commit the great crime, and both suffered intervals of terror before the responsibility they were to assume.'

In the Nationalist-Liberal Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Dr. Ernst Molden concludes a summary of the book with this sentence: 'In many particulars it challenges contradictions, but it gives an affecting picture from the hand of an important man, who, despite many faults that have been frequently criticized, nevertheless served his country faithfully.'

The Conservative-Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna is less charitable. 'The Man Who Wrecked Austria,' it entitles its review, which begins as follows: 'He is Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the pre-war Chief of the General Staff, on whom rests the eternal and inexpiable guilt of having started the war in which Austria, with many others, went to ruin.' It is a fact that in his book the Field-Marshal admits deliberate designs of a war against Serbia, which he considered necessary for the preservation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

As early as July 5, he expressed this view to the aged Kaiser, Francis Joseph. 'Yes, you are quite right,' replied the monarch, 'but how can you carry out such a plan if they all attack us, particularly Russia?' To which the Chief of Staff replied: 'But we have Germany's backing.' Whereupon the ruler, who remembered Sadowa, looked the officer questioningly in the eye and asked: 'But can you rely on Germany?' At another time the Emperor said: 'If the monarchy is doomed anyhow, it must go down with flying colors.'

The Field-Marshal himself called the war a '*va banque* play,' which leads the *Arbeiter Zeitung* to ask, 'How is this man to be judged, who, though perfectly aware that on account of the superiority of his opponents the war could not be won, yet urged war, thereby consciously pitching his country headlong into the abyss?' But an international grand jury does not exist, and Herr Conrad is still at liberty. Another volume, covering the remainder of the war, may be expected from his pen. The present one only goes as far as the end of September, 1914.

The most striking characterization of the Austrian state of mind is perhaps a report from the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade, Herr Giesl, quoted by the Vienna correspondent of the German-language *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest in an effort to throw the chief blame on the diplomats: —

> Whether this war should or could be carried out now, or whether we should wait until Serbia has recovered from its two wars, and Russia will be ready to put in the field not ten army corps, as at present, but twenty, thereby forcing us to fight under much less favorable circumstances, I am not called upon to decide, and yet I may permit myself to express an opinion. To one living far from the centres where all wires meet, it does at any rate appear that the present moment is rather favorable, and that the external as well as the internal situation offers promising conditions and opportunities presumably for the last time in our epoch. If we neglect this opportunity, we shall become responsible for the difficulties and the unfavorable conditions that will obtain in a future war, which sooner or later must be undertaken. Regardless of a consideration of the general political situation in the world, which is not his affair, the question appears to the local observer representing the Austro-Hungarian inter-

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ests in Serbia as follows: 'We cannot tolerate a further diminution of our prestige.'

Among the many other revelations in which the book abounds, the Danish *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen has naturally had its attention arrested by the assertion of Count Colloredo-Mannsfeld, Austrian naval attaché in Berlin, based on a conversation with Rear-Admiral Behncke, Chief of the German Naval Staff, that just as the German army deliberately planned to violate the neutrality of Belgium for the attack on France, so the German navy considered taking the Danish Faroe Islands as a naval base.

This plan was contingent on British neutrality. 'In order to be able better to protect German trade, which would require the use of all available cruisers, a plan is weighed here of also occupying the Faroe Islands as a base,' he wrote. 'But this is regarded only as a possibility in case the developments should be such that not too sharp objections may be expected from England as well as from Denmark, and in case the situation should be such that not too much attention would have to be paid to Danish protests.'

If England had remained neutral, the main German fleet was to be used against the Russian in the Baltic only. Austria was told not to expect much naval help in the Mediterranean.

*

ELECTORAL REFORMS IN FRANCE

THE disposition to tinker with the machinery of government that manifests itself everywhere in Europe is significant. Not only are proletarian dictatorships, military dictatorships, and Fascist dictatorships being established, but simultaneously more efficient methods for making the will of the people count in legislation are being studied. The problem of the moment is to get a Parliament that works, without sacrificing popular representation. Italy has largely negatived the latter, in order to ensure the former, by adopting a system of voting that assures the party with only a moderate majority overwhelming control of the legislature. It may even be objected that this device sometimes gives that control to a minority.

France is seeking a solution of the same problem by a different route. A reversal of traditional alignment between Radicals and Conservatives has occurred. The Conservatives now champion proportional representation, but recently introduced in France, while the Radicals advocate returning to the former system of election by majorities — or pluralities — familiar in America.

Recently the Chamber of Deputies decided by 440 votes to 135 to consider a project for making the family a suffrage unit. This question is independent of woman suffrage, although both are mooted issues. Family suffrage would give to the head of the family as many votes as he has minor children. The object of this proposal is not to increase the birth rate — for no one contemplates that result. The object is rather 'to encourage the family spirit.' Radicals and — to quote a Conservative critic — 'champions of social and national disorganization' oppose the measure. Its proponents argue that of the eleven million voters in France only four million have three children or more. They are a political minority, although they represent a majority of the population. Universal suffrage under the present system is a myth. The minority controls, and this is the minority that really has the least stake in the country, for bachelors and childless families are interested only in the present. The parents of children take a longer view, and seek to foster

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the permanent and enduring interests of the nation.

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A STABILIZATION 'COUP' IN LATVIA

WHILE the money situation in Germany, Poland, and Russia continues to be deplorable, each of the three great Republics floundering in a sea of paper money, some of the neighboring smaller States have been able to stabilize their currencies. How this was done in Latvia, through a skillful manipulation of the exchange market by Ringold Kalning, the Minister of Finance, was related in *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* for November 3:—

'Until the summer of 1921 the Latvian ruble continued to sink. The reason was the usual one — the paper-money press. The country's financial balance was badly deficient. The Government could not collect enough taxes to cover its expenditures. The financial outlook was therefore dark indeed when Ringold Kalning took the portfolio as Minister of the Treasury. Within a few months the dollar had risen from 250 to 500 rubles and many despaired already of the future. The energy and resolution of Ringold Kalning saved the situation. He was not schooled in financial theory. He could hardly have passed an examination in economics. But he was, on the contrary, a practical business-man, and at once he took up the matter from the strictly practical side.

'First he put through certain changes in the taxation system, so as to increase the income of the State. The tariff was revised for the same purpose, and also so as to block all unnecessary imports. All these preparations were made in the deepest secrecy as to their ultimate purpose. The "Black Bourse" continued day after day to "bear" the Latvian ruble down, until one day the witch jumped out of the ashes.

'Early in July the banks suddenly stopped buying all foreign exchange. At the same time the new import duties went into effect, and the export taxes, which theretofore had been payable in foreign currencies, became payable in Latvian rubles. The new tax on the business "turn-over" fell due at the same period and its payment required large additional quantities of rubles. The public treasury, on the other hand, cut down all expenditures to the minimum. But, most important of all, the paper-money presses were stopped and the Government announced that no more fiat money would be printed. The total result was a suddenly increased demand for Latvian rubles. On the "Black Bourse" panic broke out. Whatever foreign currencies had accumulated for speculative purposes were quickly disposed of. When the banks resumed their purchases a week later the Latvian ruble had risen one hundred per cent.

'Simultaneously a new monetary unit, the gold franc, or *lat*, was introduced. Its purpose was the same as that of the Rentenmark in Germany, a fixed measure of value. But Kalning understood that it would not have been of much use, had not the real means of payment, the ruble, been stabilized first. Tariff rates and other payments were scheduled in lats, but were payable in rubles at a fixed rate, which was later definitely set at one to fifty. When the lat became the common medium of exchange, the old ruble-bills could still be used. Only they were stamped "10 lat."'

To secure the new issue of lats, there was a gold fund of 15,000,000 rubles, and in addition a considerable quantity of first-class foreign securities, acquired through the export of lumber and flax. The lat is now one of the few 'stable' currency-units in Europe.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

THE enigmatic character of a Labor Government in England is pictured in this study of Ramsay MacDonald, taken from the Liberal *Westminster Gazette:* —

MAKER OR BREAKER?

Corresponding in their contrast to the two leading articles in this issue are the following cartoons. The first is from *Le Rire*, the Parisian humorous weekly, representing France as the 'Galley Slave' of the Entente, forced to repair the war damages itself, while being chained to the high exchange values of the dollar and the pound. The second, from the Opposition weekly, *Le Progrès Civique*, shows a none too reassuring aspect of the new allies of France in Southeastern Europe, to whom money is being lent for the payment of munitions ordered from French firms. The figure of Premier Poincaré, addressing the Balkan cohorts, is easily recognizable; the Frenchman at his left is his Minister of Finance, Count Charles de Lasteyrie.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM: *That's what you get for trying to make poor Germany pay.*

POINCARÉ: *I'll let you have the money, but of course you understand it is to be used only for peaceful and humanitarian purposes.*

*

MINOR NOTE

THIS year the last week in May will be devoted to 'the celebration of the art and culture of Latin America' in Paris, Rome, Madrid, Bucharest, and Brussels, in an effort 'to establish the common origin, inherited culture, and spiritual allegiance of the Latin races, and to proclaim to the world that the territory from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn is Latin ground, upon which only a Latin civilization can grow.'

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THE ATTEMPTED ISOLATION

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

[*Though by origin a Belgian and a correspondent of Belgian newspapers, M. L. Dumont-Wilden has been for some time a resident of Paris and, like so many other foreigners living there, seems at times more pro-French than the French themselves. His contributions to Parisian periodicals, such as the present one, reveal a strong inspiration from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay, where he is a frequent visitor.*]

From *La Revue Bleue, December* 15
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

WHILE still Chancellor of Germany, Gustav Stresemann stated in one of his speeches that his whole policy aimed at the isolation of France, in the chimerical hope that, confronted by a feeling of universal reprobation, aroused by our policy of coercion, we should be forced to loosen our grip. Does the policy of Chancellor Wilhelm Marx, whose Minister of Foreign Affairs is this very same Stresemann, aim at the same result? It is not certain — there are signs of improvement in our relations — but it is altogether possible. The attitude of England, which has been a little more favorable recently, but which at bottom remains hostile to the policy of M. Poincaré, the aggressive addresses of Signor Mussolini, the visit of the King of Spain to Italy, and the comments which it has caused — all these, even including the hesitations and shufflings of the Belgian Government, contribute to the impression that this policy of isolation has not altogether failed.

Frenchmen traveling abroad are amazed at what they hear. In the Scandinavian countries, in Holland, in England, in Switzerland, it is almost unanimously agreed that an unmistakable streak of imperialism has passed over the French democracy and that the 'capitalist and industrial' Government now in power aims at establishing a hegemony over Europe, if not over the world.

Germany, whose political and economic situation is decidedly pitiful, has succeeded in stirring up the feelings of the world, though at times it is admitted that the German Government itself, and the great industrial barons who dominate it, are *partly* responsible; but France — and especially M. Poincaré — is accused of profiting by Germany's disorder to carry out Machiavellian plans of which the whole of Europe would be the victim.

Can it be possible that victorious France is the victim of a sort of universal conspiracy? And French popular sentiment, much hurt by these charges, which seem to it both ridiculous and unjust, begins to blame Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, international finance, or German propaganda.

To be sure, German propaganda is still active. Ruined though it be, the Reich has until very recently found the means to support its agents abroad. The unfriendly sentiment of some Englishmen, such as Lloyd George, Lord d'Abernon, British Ambassador to Berlin, and perhaps even Lord Curzon, is hardly doubtful. Finally, it is certain that financiers, more or less inter-

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national, having gambled on the prompt revival of Germany, have done what they could to aid it. . . .

The average man feels the need of giving a name to the forces he feels to be hostile. He needs a scarecrow, a bugbear. For the moment, Lloyd George fills this rôle in France. Furthermore, the party spirit does not hesitate to blame the isolation with which we are threatened on certain diplomatic faults of the Government. But when the events of the recent years are examined coolly, it quickly appears that this situation is the outcome of certain currents of ideas, certain natural coalitions of interests, which have developed logically since the Armistice. It is perhaps worth while to try to analyze them.

'France,' says H. G. Wells, 'has established a military control over Europe.' That is the first grievance.

During the war France without a doubt played the leading rôle from a military point of view. Without undervaluing the assistance of the British, the Americans, the Belgians — I speak only of the principal front — it can be said justly that it was the French soldiers and generals who gained the victory. The French armies fought on all the fronts; they did not spare themselves. It was the French methods of fighting which overcame the formidable military organization of Germany. At the critical moment in 1918 this priority seemed natural. With its 1,500,000 dead France had, moreover, paid for it dearly. But on the morrow of the Armistice, it aroused in all the Allied armies a vague feeling of jealousy, which only became more intense when, after the conclusion of peace, France maintained its army and continued making heavy sacrifices for its upkeep while so many other countries disarmed more or less completely — at least on land. France found itself in quite a different situation from that of England, for example. It still had a frontier to defend, the execution of the treaty to supervise. No pact guaranteed it this security, which it felt it had the right to demand. All this seemed to us so clear that our most energetic antimilitarists, with the exception of a few isolated fanatics, made no serious campaign for the reduction of the military burdens. But abroad no account was taken of this. There the only fact that stood out was this: there were in Europe but two armies able to make war at a moment's notice — the army of France and that of Serbia, its ally.

The German menace? A notion! The everlasting disturbances of Eastern Europe, the unending source of conflict? Pure imagination! If France remained armed it was only because it wished to have its hands free for the use of force.

These are complaints which no one dares to bring up in diplomatic conferences, but about making use of them in informal meetings there is no hesitation whatever, especially in the antechambers of the League of Nations. They are believed all the more readily because the tradition of military and conquering France is still alive throughout Europe. Neither Louis XIV, nor Napoleon I, nor Napoleon III has been forgotten, and people find it difficult to believe that this historical imperialism is now only historical.

These complaints, furthermore, serve as an excuse for certain ancient and fundamental antipathies which the war had effaced for a moment — those finding their widest expression in the spirit of Puritanism.

Nothing, for example, could be more opposed to French sentiments and instincts than the ideal of austerity and commercialism of Methodist England — an ideal that has also conquered North America. It has been surprising to see that in England it has been gen-

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erally the Conservative Party which has been friendly to France, while the Radicals and Socialists have been naturally hostile. That is because membership in a political party depends not on a deliberate choice, but on obedience either to family traditions or to the impulses of temperament. The English Conservatives are the descendants, the natural heirs, of the Tories of the eighteenth century, who represented the traditions of 'Merrie England,' as opposed to the 'Nonconformists,' the Wesleyans, Baptists, Quakers, and other descendants of the 'Saints' of Cromwell. The English Tory, an indifferent Protestant, fond of good living and often fond of chivalrous sentiments, understands the French character and is not too much offended at our freedom of manners and expressions, while the Radical, the heir of the Puritan Whig, remembers vaguely that his ancestors considered us as the sons of Belial, the offspring of 'the Roman prostitute,' or, worse yet, as libertines and atheists. The frivolity, the liberty of the French spirit, our easy-going manners, appear to him in the last instance either incomprehensible or scandalous. Now this Puritan spirit, which had been in retreat since the reign of Edward VII, has taken advantage of the economic and social crisis that followed the war. Lloyd George, who in his political campaigns easily alternates between delivering a sermon and a humorous speech, is its representative.

And this Puritan spirit, in its various shades, pervades not only the Anglo-Saxon world, but also that of Scandinavia. It is the spirit that gave birth to this Wilsonian ideology which we have to thank for the juggling of our victory. France has always been the battlefield of ideas, which explains why its enemies are able to represent it alternately as the citadel of Catholicism or as the hearth of atheism.

But the French Reparations policy encounters adversaries who are influenced by much more concrete arguments. They are the men of business, the industrialists, and the financiers, and of these adversaries M. Poincaré runs afoul, some even in his own country. Their hostility is due to the fact that they have never put themselves on the same plane with the jurists and the politicians who made the treaty, and to the further fact that, having from the first day judged the treaty impracticable and injurious to business, they have depended upon the force of circumstances to render it ineffective.

This treaty is a penal treaty; it is this penal character which makes it appear as a novelty in the history of international law. It is not an arrangement which nations might make after a war, ending their conflict with a contract mutually agreed upon. It is a judgment pronounced by an amphictyonic council of civilized peoples against a nation guilty of having broken the laws of civilization.

This penal character of the treaty was the result both of the Wilsonian ideology and of the popular sentiment in all the countries of the Entente. Its corollary was the reparation of damages. That is why these had to be fixed independently of Germany's capacity to pay. In the end there might have been a grant of moratoria, more or less long, or even after a certain period a partial remission of the debt; but, confronted by the enormity of these figures, the men of affairs, even those who participated in the direction of the Entente and who promised to carry out the treaty, were immediately of the opinion that such a transfer of wealth from one country to another was impossible. Such a thing had never been done; it was contrary to all the laws of economics; such exactions would finish with the ruin of the creditor, with the

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destruction of a great European market, and finally with an international crisis of which no one could forsee the end.

Since 1904, economists have been wrong so many times in their predictions, they have shown so completely that their science is only guesswork, that these assertions ought to have been verified, but they have impressed all the statesmen, and particularly the British, all of whom have followed more or less openly Mr. Keynes, the man who gave to this thesis its most distinct expression.

Consequently, since 1920, they have attempted by all the means at their disposal to get around this treaty, which they have not dared to denounce. That is why the problem of Reparations has never been honestly faced. Between the French — holding strictly to the letter of the treaty, and thinking both legitimately and logically that, if the total of the Reparations is no longer to be considered as due, everything collapses — and the English — to whom the judicial character of the treaty is of no interest, but who wish to resume their commercial relations with the vanquished — an agreement is hardly possible. Consequently Germany, feeling before it neither agreement nor a firm will, has thought of nothing but eluding its obligations, which the beneficiaries themselves seemed to consider as unfulfillable. Therefore, by not carrying out the treaty we have arrived at the very economic catastrophe with which the economists threatened us if it were to be executed — a masterpiece of politics, indeed.

For this catastrophe it is France, France alone, who is held responsible. Now, to whoever examines the problem honestly, France could not have pursued any other policy than the one which it has adopted. The Government of M. Poincaré might be replaced to-morrow by a Government based more to the Left, not to say even a Socialist Government, but either of these would be forced to follow the same line in foreign affairs. Unsatisfactory as it is, the treaty is our only guaranty. We must hold on to it, and all the demands that have been made to get around it surreptitiously have only added to the chaos.

The present confusion is due to the fact that from the very beginning, from the moment when the Reparations Commission began to function, no one had the courage to face the facts. The business men, or those statesmen who have accepted the views of the business men, have not dared to put them down in black and white, fearing the anger of the peoples to whom they had repeated to satiety: 'The Boche will pay.'

The great merit of M. Poincaré consists in having restored some clearness, by obstinately returning over and over again to the juridical point of view. The business party will not forgive him, but when they are pinned down and asked what plan they would substitute for that of taking concrete pledges they are silent, or turn to the scheme for an international loan, which the attitude of the United States makes illusory, or to those technical studies which are a sort of outline of the Belgian Reparations plan — a plan which never can be applicable except with the benevolent consent of Germany.

Thus the 'isolation' of France has become inevitable. However, it is only partial. A rupture with England remains in the domain of possibilities; the defeat of the Conservatives at the elections of December 6 should put us on our guard. But in London itself it is felt very distinctly that this outcome would be at least as disastrous for Great Britain as for France.

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DEBTS TO THE OLD ALLIES AND LOANS TO THE NEW

BY AUGUSTIN HAMON

[*Though the sole authorized translator into French of the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, M. Augustin Hamon is by training first of all an economist. Politically he is radically inclined, and his press articles usually appear in the Opposition journals. On the coast of Brittany, where he lives most of the time, his anticlerical views have earned from the ignorant but pious peasants the nickname, in Breton, of 'The Devil,' causing him, as already recorded in the* Living Age, *to label his cottage 'The Devil's House.'* L'Ère Nouvelle, *self-styled 'Organ of the Left Entente,' is considered rather as the personal organ of ex-Premier Joseph Caillaux. Its director, Albert Dubarry, founded during the war* Le Pays, *whose connection with M. Caillaux was promptly scented by the Government press.*]

From *L'Ère Nouvelle, December* 21
(French Radical Daily)

At the outset, France owes the United States $2,933,405,070, on which the interest has not been paid, so that the debt amounts at the present time to $3,844,132,250. To this sum should be added the $407,341,145 due for the purchase of supplies. In short, France owed the United States, in October, $4,251,473,395. Calculated in paper francs, at the current rate of 18.80 francs to the dollar, we end up with nearly 80,000,000,000 paper francs. France also owes the British Empire a nearly equal sum. Consequently, France is indebted to its former allies about 160,000,000,000 paper francs. As it pays no interest, this debt is growing each year at the rate of at least 400,000,000 francs in gold — that is to say, about 1,500,000,000 paper francs.

Of course, the French Government recognizes this debt, but it declares it is unable to pay until its own debtor pays. This debtor is Germany. These debts France contracted in order to defend itself against Germany. It should not have to pay until Germany has paid what it owes under the Treaty of Versailles.

This line of reasoning is unsound. As a matter of fact, when these loans were made it was not agreed that they were not to be refunded unless Germany paid. The sums were to be reimbursed independently of the relations between Germany and France. The latter would owe this money even if Germany owed France nothing.

But between owing money and paying it back there is a big difference. It is necessary, in fact, to be able to make this repayment, and here the French Government can truthfully say: 'I am unable to pay back the 160,000,000,000 francs I owe because my debtor, Germany, does not pay me.'

However, this line of reasoning would be sound only if the finances of France were conducted on the basis of the strictest economy, without the least useless or wasteful expenditure being made. This stipulation is well founded both in law and in equity, for from the financial point of view States are only business concerns, which ought to be managed on the basis of commercial honesty.

If States conduct themselves as regards other States or financial concerns as dishonest business men, as unscrupulous debtors, as spendthrifts, borrowing endlessly and dissipating

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their inheritance in extravagant expenditures, they lose all credit and all moral authority.

It therefore remains to be determined whether the creditors of France consider that this country conducts its financial affairs on the basis of strict economy, whether, in all equity and justice, it manages its finances in an economical fashion, or whether it is making useless and extravagant expenditures — in a word, wasting its resources.

Let us examine these two questions objectively. We then see at once that in the United States, as well as in the British Empire, public opinion on the whole accuses France of making useless expenditures amounting to several billions annually. This is the opinion of entire parties, such as the Labor Party and the Liberal Party, which next month will accede to power in England.

What are these useless expenditures? They are, according to repeated statements of eminent and responsible public men both across the Atlantic and across the Channel, the maintenance of a large army, the increase of armaments, and loans to the States of Central and Eastern Europe for military purposes.

All that is true. Under the banner of the 'Anti-National Bloc' the French Government supports, in fact, an army of six hundred thousand men, including both Frenchmen and African natives. It spends for this army over five billion francs annually. It keeps on arming itself, piling guns on tanks, aeroplanes on submarines. What is the purpose of this army, the strongest in Europe in total figures — with the exception of that of Russia, which has three times the population of France and covers an area seven times as large? Why these continued armaments? Why this aid to the eastern European Powers on the condition that they also arm?

The creditors of France declare that it acts thus without any necessity unless it is for the purpose of injuring its creditors and becoming mistress of Europe. The National Bloc, through its press and the Government, replies: 'We must protect ourselves against Germany; we must protect ourselves against a possible *revanche*.'

In truth, this reply is pure propaganda. No European Power, except Russia, is able to make war, and Russia neither is able nor wishes to attack France. If Germany wanted to, it would be unable to do it. France would be just as immune with an army of fifty thousand men as with an army of five hundred thousand. The discoveries of science render imaginary the strength of professional armies of hirelings and others. Furthermore, armaments for the future are useless because they are constantly being put out of date.

A moment's reflection will show beyond a doubt that France does not maintain its armies and its armaments for the sole purpose of self-defense. It maintains them in order to keep the appearance of strength, and especially in order to ensure an artificial but profit-bearing activity to the French metallurgical industry, the industry of aeroplane motors, and so forth. The stipulations in the loans accorded to Yugoslavia and Poland show the real motive of the armaments which France is piling up — armaments of which it has not the slightest need. In reality, when seen from the point of view of the general interest of the French public, these expenditures are useless and prodigal.

From this we come to the conclusion that the creditors of France seem to be right when they assert that France is wasting its resources instead of paying its debts. They find that France acts toward them exactly as Germany acts toward France, and the argument holds good from the bottom up. The conse-

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quence of this state of affairs is that the creditors are able to demand both their capital and their interest on the ground that France is wasting its resources. They can do so, in justice and in equity, and they will be able to do so as long as France continues to waste its money for the support of armies, for the accumulation of armaments, and for loans to Powers that are already insolvent. Clearly, by this policy the French Government enriches the French metal industry, but that matters very little to the American and British creditors. What matters to them is the reduction of their own debts through the repayment of their claims on France.

The British Government sees its own metal industries standing idle, while the corresponding industries in France flourish, and this is due to the subsidies which the French Government gives to its munition-makers through loans to Poland and Yugoslavia for armaments, and so forth. And in the meantime the French Government does not even pay interest on its own debts.

In all justice, can the British Empire and the United States accept this situation? Is it fair to call them Shylocks because they demand their due?

To-morrow the Labor Party will take power. The Liberal Party will support it. Beyond a doubt they are going to ask the French Government to pay its debts. Now, truly, will they not be right? The French Government will refuse, as usual. Then must we not consider justified the financial pressure which they will exert? Could they not properly threaten France with an application of the very same policy of taking pledges that France is carrying out in regard to Germany?

To all these questions the reply is in the affirmative, provided the situation be examined objectively and with the sole idea of being just and fair.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

[We print to-day an article based on extracts from the final volume of the Reminiscences of Field-Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorff, which has been published in Vienna. Marshal Conrad was Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff at the beginning of the war, and remained in that position until he was dismissed by Emperor Charles in February, 1917.]

From the *Times, December* 13
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

Ever since 1908 Field-Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, had been clamoring for war against Serbia and for her destruction. When the news reached him of the Serajevo murder he, for one, felt no need to inquire whether any responsibility for it rested with Serbia, or to make up his mind as to the course to be taken. On June 29 he told Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, that immediate action was required, and that it should be a mobilization against Serbia. Berchtold replied that he wished to await the result of the judicial inquiry; and this view, as Berchtold informed Conrad

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on July 1, was shared by the Emperor and by Count Tisza, the Hungarian, and Count Stuergkh, the Austrian Prime Minister. 'Tisza,' he said, 'was opposed to war against Serbia, as he feared that Russia would attack and Germany desert us. Stuergkh, on the other hand, expected the inquiry to yield good grounds for action. I maintained that an energetic stroke alone could avert the danger from Serbia. The murder committed under her auspices supplied the ground for war.'

'Material relating to time previous to murder yields no evidence of propaganda having been supported by the Serb Government,' Herr von Wiesner, sent by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office to inquire into the matter, telegraphed on July 13 from Serajevo. 'Nothing proves, or even suggests, that the Serb Government had a hand in organizing or preparing the murder or that it supplied the arms.' But Conrad treated such evidence as nothing better than 'a preliminary account of the point then reached in the inquiry,' on a question which he from the very first had settled in his mind without any evidence whatsoever. In fact, his endless, wearisome, hackneyed references to Serbia's 'crime,' to her 'brutal provocation' of the Hapsburg Monarchy, and so forth, are nothing but customary, though much-belated, cant.

His real reasons are acknowledged at the outset of this volume: —

'Two principles were in sharp conflict: the maintenance of Austria as a conglomerate of various nationalities . . . and the rise of independent national States claiming their ethnic territories from Austria-Hungary.' Serb activities brought this conflict to a head, and 'for this reason, and not with a view to expiating the murder, Austria-Hungary had to go to war against Serbia.'

But even in the minds of those who professed the desire to await the results of the judicial inquiry — in the firm hope that it could be made to prove what they desired — the foremost question was whether, if Austria plunged into war, she could count on the absolute support of Germany. It must be remembered that during the Balkan wars Germany had refused to support the war party in Austria. Berchtold's *chef de cabinet*, Count Hoyos, was therefore sent to Berlin — the fatal significance and results of this mission have recently been fully disclosed by a late official of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office; the German Emperor was got to commit himself in his typically impetuous way, and an understanding was reached with Zimmermann, the Undersecretary of the German Foreign Office, who henceforth coöperated with the most extreme war party in Austria.

'To-morrow we shall have a reply,' said Berchtold to Conrad on July 6. 'The German Emperor has said "Yes," but he must still talk to Bethmann-Hollweg. What will be the attitude of His Majesty [the Austrian Emperor]?'

CONRAD. 'If Germany agrees, His Majesty will be for war against Serbia.'

'Tisza is against the war,' remarked Berchtold in the course of the conversation. 'He fears a Rumanian invasion of Transylvania. What happens in Galicia when we mobilize against Serbia?'

CONRAD. 'In Galicia we shall not mobilize for the present. But if there is a threat from Russia we shall have to mobilize the three Galician Army Corps.'

COUNT FORGACH. 'I do not doubt that Germany will go with us; it is her duty as an ally, and, moreover, her own existence is at stake.'

CONRAD. 'When can I get the German reply?'

BERCHTOLD. 'To-morrow. But the Germans will ask us what is to happen after the war.'

CONRAD. 'Tell them, then, that we do not know ourselves.'

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But Germany asked no questions. Hoyos could report that she left Austria a free hand and would unreservedly stand by her. Tisza alone had doubts and asked questions. After the Cabinet Council of July 7, in which all the others demanded war, he addressed a Memorandum to the Emperor registering his dissent. 'In all probability such an attack against Serbia would provoke the intervention of Russia and therefore the world war, in which case, in spite of Berlin optimism, I would consider Rumania's neutrality at least doubtful.' Altogether he considered the diplomatic position in Europe most unfavorable to Austria-Hungary, and urged that a moderate, not a threatening, Note should be sent to Serbia, and the possibility left to her to accept a diplomatic defeat. 'In spite of my devotion to your Majesty's service, or rather because of it, I am unable to share in the responsibility for an exclusively and aggressively warlike dénouement.'

Meantime the war party proceeded with its plans. On July 8 Berchtold informed Conrad that a short-term ultimatum would be presented to Serbia.

BERCHTOLD. 'What happens if Serbia lets it come to a mobilization and then gives in on every point?'

CONRAD. 'Then we march into Serbia.'

BERCHTOLD. 'Yes — but if Serbia does nothing at all?'

CONRAD. 'Then we shall remain there till our expenses are paid.'

BERCHTOLD. 'We shall put our ultimatum only after the harvest and the Serajevo inquiry are concluded.'

CONRAD. 'Better to-day than to-morrow; so long as the situation remains what it is. If our opponents get wind they will prepare.'

BERCHTOLD. 'Care will be taken that the secret is preserved. . . .'

CONRAD. 'When is the ultimatum due?'

BERCHTOLD. 'In a fortnight. On July 22. It would be good if you and the Minister for War went on leave, so as to give the impression that nothing is happening.'

Conrad cordially endorsed this view — 'everything has to be avoided which might alarm our opponents and make them take counter measures; on the contrary, a peaceful complexion must be put on everything.' Therefore on July 14 he and the Minister for War went on leave, which was to be broken off in eight days, that is, simultaneously with the presenting of the ultimatum.

Events and conversations are recorded in Conrad's book in a steady, indiscriminate flow, true to life; so that, just as in life, one finds it difficult to fix the moment when decisions finally ripened until one suddenly finds them treated as irrevocable. A week earlier the question of Germany's coöperation seemed in doubt; next the German Emperor was got to commit himself; and then one finds that his action came to be considered binding on Austria. When Berchtold went to see the Emperor at Ischl on July 9 he 'found the Emperor very determined and calm. His Majesty seemed for action against Serbia and merely feared possible troubles in Hungary [obviously from the non-Magyar nationalities]. Nor could one now draw back any more, be it merely because of Germany. Tisza pleads for caution and is against the war; but Baron Burian has gone to Budapest to talk to him.'

How Tisza was finally persuaded to agree remains a mystery even now. From none of the disclosures and publications made hitherto, not even from Conrad, does one get a fully satisfactory answer. At the Cabinet Council of July 19 Tisza agreed to war, merely demanding a solemn and unanimous resolution that no annexations would be made in Serbia — he feared for Magyar dominion should any further Slav territories be included in the Hapsburg Monarchy.

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The ultimatum to Serbia was postponed by a day because Berchtold preferred to wait until President Poincaré had left Petrograd. It was presented on July 23 at 6 P.M., and even before the prescribed 48 hours had elapsed, on July 25 at 8 A.M., on (uncertain) news of a Serb mobilization, Conrad was already pressing for a mobilization order — 'where strategic considerations arise, it is for me to make the suggestions and the rest does not concern me.' The same night eight army corps — half the Austro-Hungarian Army — were mobilized.

The ball was set rolling; it was the mobilization demanded by the Chiefs of Staff, each of them afraid lest his opponent might steal a march on him, which finally overrode the hesitations of various diplomatists and frustrated the urgent endeavors of Sir Edward Grey to save the peace of Europe; the military were making their suggestions and 'the rest did not concern them.' It is about the mobilization of the Central Powers that the present volume of Conrad supplies most valuable information, and this in fact is, on the diplomatic side, the most remarkable contribution which it makes to our knowledge about the origins of the war.

When Austria-Hungary mobilized half her army, Russia on her part began to prepare for mobilization, declaring, however, that she would not mobilize unless the Austrian troops crossed the Serbian frontier. When, on July 28, Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, Russia mobilized the military districts of Kiev, Odessa, Moscow, and Kazan.

On July 30 the German Ambassador informed Berchtold of the British offer of mediation *à quatre*, adding the urgent request of the German Cabinet that Austria-Hungary 'should accept England's mediation under these honorable conditions.' With this Note, Berchtold, Conrad, and the Minister for War went to the Emperor. The question was discussed what should now be demanded of Serbia.

She would have to accept our ultimatum word for word and repay all the expenses arising from the mobilization.

I added that territorial cessions would have to be demanded, such as would at least secure our military position: Belgrade and Sabac with the adjoining territory for the raising of extensive fortifications, for which, too, Serbia would have to pay.

The EMPEROR. 'They will never agree to that.'

COUNT BERCHTOLD. 'Further, Count Tisza has demanded that we should not ask for any cessions of territory.'

I rejoined that we could not stop operations against Serbia when all was in progress; it would be impossible and the army would not stand it. We would have to tell Germany — If Russia mobilizes, we too have to mobilize.

The upshot of the talk with the Emperor is summarized as follows: —

War against Serbia is to be continued.

The British offer is to receive a very polite answer but without its substance being accepted.

General mobilization is to be ordered on August 1 with August 4 as the first day of mobilization; but this was to be talked over further the next day (July 31).

Then for a moment it seemed as if Emperor William thought of drawing back, and as if there had been a change in the attitude of Berlin owing to the dropping out of Italy. Conrad's representative in the information bureau of the German General Staff wired to him on July 30, after a talk with Moltke: —

Russian mobilization no reason yet for mobilizing; only on outbreak of war between Austria-Hungary and Russia. In contradistinction to the by now customary Russian mobilizations and demobilizations, German mobilization would unavoidably lead to war. Do not declare war on Russia but await Russian attack.

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To this Conrad replied: 'We shall not declare war on Russia nor start the war.'

But a telegram received the same day at 7 P.M. from the Austrian Ambassador in Berlin

dispelled our fears concerning Germany's attitude. We were informed that Germany had declared on Sunday at Petrograd that Russian mobilization would be followed by a German mobilization.

On the morning of July 31 I was informed by the Foreign Office that Germany would address an ultimatum to Russia concerning its military preparations. My above telegram to General von Moltke, dispatched on July 30, crossed another telegram from Moltke received by us on July 31 at 7.45 A.M. It ran as follows: 'Face Russian mobilization: Austria-Hungary must be preserved; mobilize immediately against Russia. Germany will mobilize. By compensations compel Italy to do her duty as ally.'

Further the following telegram was received from our Military Attaché at Berlin: 'Moltke says that he considers the position critical if Austria-Hungary does not immediately mobilize against Russia. Russia's declaration concerning ordered mobilization renders necessary Austro-Hungarian counter measures, which is to be mentioned in published explanation. This would constitute treaty case for Germany. With Italy reach honest agreement by giving compensations so that Italy remains actively on the side of Triple Alliance; by no means leave a single man on Italian frontier. Refuse renewed English *démarche* for maintenance of peace. For Austria-Hungary enduring of European War last measure of self-preservation. Germany absolutely stands by her.'

I went with these wires to the Minister for War and with him to Count Berchtold, where we met Count Tisza, Count Stuergkh, and Baron Burian. After I had read out the wires, Count Burian exclaimed: 'This is excellent! Who rules: Moltke or Bethmann?'

Berchtold then read out the following telegram from the German Emperor to the Emperor Francis Joseph, received at Schönbrunn on July 30 at 8 P.M.: 'I did not think it possible to refuse personal request from Russian Emperor to make an attempt at mediation with a view to avoiding world conflagration and maintaining world peace, and I have yesterday and today instructed my Ambassador to submit proposal to your Government. Among other things they suggest that Austria after occupation of Belgrade and other places should make known her conditions. I would be most grateful if you could let me have your decision as soon as possible. In most faithful friendship, WILLIAM.'

Count Berchtold, having read the telegram, turned toward me saying: 'I have asked you to come here because I had the impression that Germany is drawing back; but now I have received from the most authoritative military quarter the most reassuring declaration.'

Thereupon it was decided to ask His Majesty to order a general mobilization.

This was issued the same day at 12.23 P.M. But meanwhile Conrad's telegram saying that Austria-Hungary would not declare war on Russia nor start the war had reached Moltke and elicited from him the following reply, received in Vienna on July 31 at 7.15 P.M.: 'Will Austria desert Germany?'

Conrad had, of course, no difficulty in answering this. Events had outpaced the telegraph wires.

But for the time being Austria refrained from declaring war on France and England, not from any special sympathy, but from fear lest her own fleet should be caught unprepared. An interesting scheme was then discussed of sending it, together with the Goeben and Breslau, into the Black Sea, where, by securing the Rumanian and Bulgarian coasts and by attacking that of Russia, it was expected to help in getting these two Balkan States into the war on the side of the Central Powers. This scheme had, however, to be dropped because the Admiral commanding the Austro-Hungarian fleet declared

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it impracticable and the fleet insufficiently prepared for it. Meantime Berchtold twice assured France — on August 9 and 10 — that no Austro-Hungarian troops had been sent to the Western Front, though on the same days Moltke was thanking Conrad for the heavy howitzers sent to Belgium.

Moltke had recommended an 'honest arrangement' with Italy which would have secured help at the price of the Trentino. At one time, but only for a moment, Conrad himself seemed to have dallied with the idea, adding that 'after a successful war one perfidy could be repaid by another and the Trentino could be retaken from the blackmailers' — with which the honest Moltke seems to have agreed, as he on his own initiative advised the Austrian representative at German G.H.Q. to pay the price of the Trentino. 'Once the war with Russia is finished you can always challenge Italy, and Germany will stand by you.'

On the outbreak of war, on August 5, Moltke addressed a cordial letter to Conrad which started with the admission that 'our proceedings in Belgium are certainly brutal, but it is a question of life and death, and who gets into our way has to bear the consequences,' and finished with a hearty Teuton '*Mit Gott, mein Herr Kamerad!*' The third P.S. to this letter ran as follows: —

> Gather all your strength against Russia. Even the Italians cannot be such mean dogs as to stab you in the back. Unleash the Bulgars against Serbia and let that rabble kill off each other. Now there is but one goal for you: Russia! Drive these knout-bearers into the Pripet marshes and drown them. — Yours ever, MOLTKE.

In a letter of August 13 Conrad reciprocated these fantasies: —

> Will Germany let the six English Divisions land on the Continent without a naval battle? Splendid it would be to catch the transports and sink them.

They were indeed to drown *currum et aurigam* — they merely failed to foresee which.

RECONSTRUCTION IN JAPAN

BY A TOKYO CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times*, *December* 12 and 14
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

DAYS and even weeks after the disaster of September 1 those who had lived through earthquake and fire could only say that human ingenuity could neither devise nor discover language in which adequately to describe what they had seen and to express what they had felt. The events themselves and the emotions which they excited were in their nature and proportions so utterly new. Experience looked for parallels, and found none. Hence it seemed as if it must be in the words and phrases of a new language — a language efficient and expressive beyond any that we have known — that the story of the destruction of Yokohama and Tokyo must be told.

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The twofold catastrophe was followed by a period of complete obscurity — blankness of mind. Imagination had succumbed to a powerful anæsthetic. Life and time stood still for a week. For days and nights the history of Northern Japan stopped dead, as machinery stops when suddenly some concentration of steam blows out a cylinder-head and motion expires in the flying wheels. To-day, here and there, is evidence of damage repaired, of the direction of new power into the machine, of the screwing-up of bolts and the provision of new parts; but it will be long before the machine functions as of old. For the problem is not only one of repairing damage — that in itself might be regarded as comparatively simple, supposing always that adequate funds might be forthcoming. The real, the baffling proposition is concerned with discovering what is the nature and extent of the damage and formulating a sound, inclusive, and efficient plan of repair and programme of procedure.

Comparatively soon after the event rough provision was made for handling the thousands of homeless people in the cities and towns, medical services were organized, and food distribution was arranged, so that in the circumstances the period of privation may be said to have been reduced to a minimum. Marvelous work was done by the British and Americans in the great cities, and the story of the amazing coolness and valor of the British hospital nurses and consular officers in Yokohama is one that can never grow stale in the telling, just as the stoicism of the rank and file of the Japanese people astonished all who saw it displayed. But these things are concerned with the immediate matter of the catastrophe, and in the life of a nation must be regarded as of less importance than those which have to do with revival and reconstruction. The longer these are contemplated the bigger and the more difficult to handle they appear to become.

Numbers of estimates have been worked out, connected with the destruction of property, business houses, shops, offices, and dwellings, in order that some approximation may be made of what measure of expenditure will be necessary to rehabilitate the stricken areas. All such estimates show certain variations one from another, and indeed it is almost inevitable that this should be so. Hitherto nothing really definite and satisfying concerning Yokohama has been produced; but the following figures concerning Tokyo, if they lack finality, at least give an idea of the immense bill that has to be paid. The total value of buildings destroyed in Tokyo is estimated now at 1,463,790,000 yen, or roughly $732,000,000.

In addition to these concrete losses there have to be taken into account the losses in business records, in the completed contracts in which only one party now stands to benefit, in the destruction of goods in warehouses and shops, in the obliteration of sources of learning and information, in the demolition of the results of labor which had been paid for, in the extinction of the means of earning, and in the complete removal of opportunity.

Over and above the solid problems of reëstablishing a homeless population in dwellings and of re-creating the lost means of carrying on trade and of doing business, there have arisen from the catastrophe a series of new or special problems of an economic and social character, which the Government is now actively probing and which are no easier of solution than the others. They may be roughly divided between insurance, interior economy, type of construction to be adopted in rebuilding, representation in Parliament of the people, education, foreign relation-

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ships, working-hours in workshops and factories, and the maintenance of order. The number and diversity of these problems are such, and the need for the speedy solution of all of them is so urgent, that the handling effectively of any one of them is retarded. The wholesome plan of taking one thing at a time and dealing with it would appear to be here impossible of adoption, and the result is a great clamor of tongues, a divergence of view, and very little solid progress.

Consider, for example, the single question of insurance. Within ten days of the earthquake some misguided person spread a report to the effect that the British insurance companies had decided to pay all claims in full. The report was sent home, where one can only guess what measure of amazement it must have created. Here it simply provoked amusement, but its circulation prompted discussion if it did nothing else. After some little time the insurance companies got together and some sort of effort was made to formulate a scheme and draw up a scale of payments to be made; but real unanimity of intention was lacking. The policyholders grew more and more impatient, and the insurers showed still less decision. By both parties Government assistance was invoked; but the Government, though it has certainly made various suggestions, has infused no energy into the insurers nor any reasonableness into the insurees.

The latest proposal is that an official fire-insurance company should be formed by the Government and that payments should be made by means of a bond issue. There for the moment the matter rests, and though, apart from this proposal, it has been urged that the Government should pay a percentage of the losses, and that the companies receiving such aid should pay the balance of a proportion of each claim, the respective shares have not been decided, nor has an acceptable sum representing bulk payment been fixed.

The gravest matter that the Prime Minister will have to tackle relates to the execution of Labor leaders and suspected seditionists immediately after the earthquake. There were many clashes between the police, members of the Vigilance Committees, — societies of young men, — various agitators of various colors, and Koreans real or alleged. The result of these incidents in the lump was that a great number of people were summarily executed. The facts were suppressed at the time, and only lately has any statement relating to them been allowed to appear. It was said that early in September there was no panic, no hysteria. That statement was certainly true as far as the mass of the people was concerned, but it is also true that here and there the reverse was the case. In this connection it has to be remembered that the reactions of a crisis upon an Oriental mind cannot be judged by Western standards. Yet, however one may probe the story of these wholesale executions, and whatever effort one may make to contemplate them in their own and not an Occidental setting, the fact remains that they have stirred the public mind to bitter indignation, though their sequel here is nothing to what would inevitably have happened in a European country.

The Japanese Restoration Board has not, at the time of writing, completed its deliberations, but a first estimate of the sums to be spent in restoration work generally has been got out. In connection with the restoration of Tokyo the projected sum is 750,000,000 yen.

Some idea of the quantity of goods

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required for building-purposes may be gathered from the fact that 7,750,000 cubic feet of timber have already been ordered through the United States Government. There have also been ordered by the Reconstruction Board 7000 tons of galvanized iron, 2000 tons of nails, and 13,000 tons of sheet iron from America; from Canada a large quantity of timber; and from England 1500 tons of nails and 5000 tons of sheet iron.

These are but a few figures taken out of the general programme of purchases, but they serve to illustrate what must be the proportions of the Japanese shopping-basket that is now being taken to market. The estimates of the Board are liable to revision by the Finance Department, and cuts have, indeed, already been made in them, so that figures mentioned above should be taken only as approximations of what will actually be spent. Meanwhile, sources of revenue are being sought at home, and the foreign market is being sounded for loans.

So far, on the authority of Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, nothing has been concretely planned for naval restoration; but it will be effected without touching the already established programme. Some delay is expected in completing the cruisers included in the programme up to 1927, but no serious drawbacks are anticipated. The battleship Kuga meanwhile is to be converted into a seaplane depot ship.

Recently Admiral Takarabe, speaking to a representative of the Osaka *Jiji* concerning the damage done to the navy by the earthquake and fire, said this damage was not so great as had been reported, and he estimated it as 100,000,000 yen, chiefly distributed among buildings, stores, and machinery. It was true that the Mikasa suffered damage to her bottom and sprang a leak, but that was not considered serious, as she was doomed to be scrapped.

Doubtless it will be some time before the full details of the naval loss are made known, if ever they are. There was certainly enormous damage at Yokosuka, where the principal naval yard is situated, in the destruction of instruments and plans, while incoming ships reported finding oil thirty-six miles out at sea. Stories of battleships carried miles inland were a grotesque fiction.

The twin causes of education and learning have suffered by the destruction of books, records, and buildings at least as severely as those of finance and commerce; and since it is in the nature of things that more heed should be given to the concerns of cash than of culture in the handling of a situation such as that which now exists in Northern Japan, it seems desirable and, indeed, imperative that every possible assistance should be given to those who, against enormous odds, are striving to reconstruct the means of intellectual advancement.

It will not be possible to record precisely to what extent disaster has overtaken the universities, colleges, and schools of the country, but the general need of such institutions may be deduced from the statement which I have just obtained from Professor Sanki Ichikawa concerning the Imperial University at Tokyo. Following upon the earthquake, fire broke out in the building adjoining the university library. The water supply had already ceased. Showers of tiles had fallen from the roof and a part of the building had collapsed. Many windows were smashed, and although every possible effort was made to screen the various rooms in the library, the fire swiftly penetrated into them. The demolition of the library, with a vast number of

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books, was the work of a few moments. Of the quarter of a million volumes that were saved, the bulk are such as could easily have been replaced. The rare books it was impossible to save.

The library of the Imperial University was founded in 1872 with a small collection of Dutch and English books dealing with medicine, physics, and chemistry, transferred from the Bansho-Torishirabejo, or Board for Examining Foreign Books, a predecessor of the University. In the course of fifty years this grew to a collection of 750,000 volumes, of which 400,000 were Japanese and Chinese and the remainder European and American. Among the special collections the most important were the Max Müller library of 10,000 volumes, the Ernst Engel library on statistics, of 5200 volumes, and the Joseph Kohler library on international law, of 18,300 volumes.

A unique collection of books and MSS. has been lost, including, for example, the *Chronicles of the Li Dynasty* (Korean), in 790 volumes, the *Topography of Japanese Counties and Towns*, in 6400 volumes, and the great Chinese *Encyclopædia*, in 9998 volumes. There were also about sixty old books on Japan by the Jesuits, published in Rome in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Professor Ichikawa says that the loss cannot be estimated in money, but that it may take 30,000,000 yen to obtain copies of such books as can be replaced. The President of the University has sent out appeals to the British Government and to the Governments of other countries, and also to foreign universities and academies, asking for such help as can be given in the reconstruction of the library. Gifts of books and periodicals will be very welcome, for no great sum will be available for the purchase of books by the University itself owing to the great outlay that will have to be made on rebuilding.

Several people have already offered to give their own private libraries to the University, and many ex-daimios are vying with one another in offering libraries which are family heirlooms. From such gifts it has been possible to replace a small part of the lost stock of Japanese and Chinese books, which it would be impossible otherwise to do, since all the booksellers dealing in such books have had their premises and their stocks destroyed by fire.

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SABRE-RATTLING IN SOUTH AMERICA

[We need not take too seriously the confessedly doubtful conjectures of the puzzled contributor to La France Militaire *as to the object of South American armaments. They present, however, a by no means isolated instance of certain alarmist interpretations of events now current in that continent and Europe. The importance attached to the alleged tension between the United States and Latin America is a typical European version of our relations with our southern neighbors, as readers of the* Living Age *are well aware from previous articles. It is a version supported by active local as well as European propaganda in the Latin-American Republics.]*

From *La France Militaire, November 27–December 4*
(French Army Daily)

We know that the Pan-American Congress at Santiago had the paradoxical result of multiplying dissensions among the very people who had come together in the quest of harmony. That meeting only aggravated existing discords among the Latin-American republics and tension between Latin America and the United States. Since then armament competition has continued in South America with increased intensity, and it is high time to ask, with real concern, Against whom is Brazil arming? Against whom is Argentina arming — while waiting for Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and other Powers to follow suit? Against whom are they arming? For what war? Is it against the United States? Or is there to be a war among the Latin-American nations?

It is a serious question. We see Brazil, Argentina's possible adversary, reading without a shock newspaper articles like that in the *Jornal do Brazil* of June 20: 'We do not expect the growing Argentine nation to neglect proper precautions for its defense. They are the guaranty of order necessary for the development of its economic strength. Argentina is doing what Brazil ought to do.' *Jornal do Comercio* strikes the same note on practically the same date, which is significant: 'All the nations of South America are united by common interests and a common destiny. . . . Argentina is gradually acquiring a navy strong enough to protect her extensive commerce, her coasts, her raw materials, her high interests, and her dignity. She thereby gives America and the world a demonstration of her good sense, an example of patriotism worthy of imitation. We Americans are all pacifists, conscious of the community of sentiment that unites us. But the world must know that this pacifism is not a foolish and unprepared pacifism, but is active, strong, and conscious of its responsibilities.'

In a word, it is a pacifism that resembles, like two drops of water, aggressive militarism. But the most subtle hair-splitter might have difficulty in understanding just what this means. Are these countries strengthening their armaments perchance against domestic enemies? Do they need battleships and cruisers to bombard Labor centres? Are they arming against their neighbors? But then what does all this talk of solidarity mean? Are they really arming against the United States? And is the sullen muttering about friction among neighbors merely skillful camouflage? That would imply an audacity and refinement of strategy that raises our doubts.

What is certain is that South America is arming. In July the President of

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the Argentine Republic addressed a message to Congress asking additional credits of nine million pesos gold for the navy. This seemed to delight Brazilian journalists. *O Paiz* professed, in its issue of June 21, to regard Argentina's military preparations 'not only with confidence but with pleasure.'

One would certainly suppose that the people over there are planning to attack somebody. But we find *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires declaring on the same date that *O Paiz* made its pronouncement, in speaking of the armaments of Brazil: 'Some Brazilian visionaries may dream of seizing the Republic of Uruguay in order to extend their territories to the Rio de la Plata; but it is unjust to attribute such thoughts to the Brazilian people as a whole. They are fully occupied with the commercial and industrial development of the boundless resources they already possess.'

That 's news. Brazil meditating the annexation of Uruguay! *La Prensa* asserts that Brazil's military programme was inspired by Premier Rio Branco, whose imperialistic projects conceived the Rio de la Plata as the natural highway between the Brazilian heart of the vast South American continent and the rest of the world. In this connection *La Prensa* lays stress upon the loyalty with which Argentina has always fulfilled its engagements relative to freedom of traffic upon this river, and also points out that the Argentine Republic guaranteed, in the Treaty of 1828, the independence of Uruguay.

Thus *La Prensa* places all the blame upon Brazil. But *La Politica de Buenos Aires*, on the other hand, holds the President of Argentina responsible. It reviews the history of the negotiations for a limitation of armaments just before the Santiago Conference. President Alvear is said to have been opposed to all conciliatory measures: 'Alvear's Cabinet placed obstacles in the way of the proposal of M. Huneeus and the Honduras delegates, who were preparing the ground for a disarmament convention after the Santiago Conference; it rejected Chile's proposal to limit naval tonnage. After ending the discussion in the session of April 30, it caused the suggestion for a Conference of Presidents, proposed as the last hope of reaching an agreement when the Santiago Congress failed, to be rejected.'

The more we read, the more bewildered we become. What is clear is that South America is arming. Perhaps the near future will clarify the mystery.

One more peace conference like that at Santiago, however, and war is certain in South America. Never did nations meet with more fraternal professions, or part with more bellicose emotions.

From the opening of the Congress last April two difficult issues were before the delegates — and before the public opinion of Latin America. These were disarmament and the hegemony of the United States. From the first of April to the third of May, from the opening to the closing session of the Fifth Pan-American Congress, these problems were vigorously debated. They caused several dramatic incidents during the proceedings, which ended by embittering the participants.

First let us mention the question of North American hegemony. At the meeting of the Political Commission on April 9, Señor Alvarado Quiroz, a Costa Rican delegate, proposed an amendment to Article V of the statute of the Pan-American Union, which provides that only Governments accredited to the Government of the United States may participate in the deliberations of the Directors. Since Mexico was not then accredited to the Government at

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Washington, she was not considered part of America, and was not among the nations invited to the Fifth Pan-American Congress. Consequently Señor Quiroz proposed that the Congress debate the following: —

> Article V. The control of the Pan-American Union shall be vested in a Board of Directors consisting of representatives of the American Governments accredited to the Pan-American Union and of the Secretary of State of the United States of America, whom the American Republics shall designate as President of the Executive Council. In the absence of the Secretary of State, the sessions of the Executive Council shall be presided over by the member who shall be qualified as Vice-President, which position shall be filled by seniority.

This proposal, which looked toward depriving the United States of control of the Pan-American Union, encountered the objections of that country's representatives. On April 22, Mr. Fletcher, the Chairman of the United States Delegation, and Dr. Rowe, the Director-General of the Union, explained at length their point of view. No decision was made. Most comment in Latin America was hostile to the United States. There is reason to anticipate that a more radical amendment to Article V will be insisted upon more boldly at the next Congress, for the delegates realize perfectly well that making the Secretary of State at Washington ex-officio President of the Union gives the United States permanent supremacy in that body — something that Latin America is not disposed to concede.

As a matter of fact, that supremacy is likely to continue indefinitely, if not forever; because, although the Latin-American Governments are almost unanimously opposed to the United States, that unanimity is subordinated to their internal discords. What does it avail them to be virtually united against the United States, if they are disunited in regard to practically everything else? For instance, there is the long-standing controversy between Peru and Chile over Tacna and Arica. Then there is the conflict we have just discussed looming up between Brazil and Argentina. Chile counts on Brazilian support against Peru and Bolivia, and is less friendly to Argentina. There is a whole witches' cauldron of intrigue and counter-intrigue bubbling among the Latins, which ensures a long continuance of Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

On April 11 the Armaments Commission met under the Chairmanship of Mr. Fletcher. It listened to a report by Señor Antonio Huneeus. That gentleman prefaced his remarks by stating that the object before them was to establish permanent peace among the American Republics. He denounced an armed peace. He urged that the Governments reach an agreement as to the best practical way to reduce their armaments, and proposed that army and navy expenditures should be limited to the existing fraction of each national budget. He concluded by emphasizing the opportunity that the Congress had to incorporate in American international law regulations designed to make war more humane. All this he said in the name of Chile.

That was enough to awaken the suspicions of Chile's adversaries. It was very clever for that country, in Peru's opinion, to propose disarmament on such a basis. Chile had already provided for that in advance. She would always be the stronger, since the proportion of her budget devoted to naval and military purposes was 32.2 per cent — a proportion exceeded in the Western Hemisphere only by Honduras with 44.5 per cent and Mexico with 40.8 per cent.

In the end the Congress accomplished nothing. The delegates separated angry

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with each other and with no sentiment in common except distrust of the United States. At the last session the Dominican delegate protested against the American occupation of certain Latin-American republics, such as Cuba and Haiti. A proposal that Havana be selected as the meeting-place of the next Congress was approved. The general tone of the Latin-American press is typified in this extract from a Mexican newspaper: 'Canada was not invited to the Santiago Congress on the pretext that she was not an autonomous nation. That decision was approved by several Governments that would have good reason to consider it the happiest day of their history if the Government at Washington were to recognize that they enjoy the rights that Canada enjoys and to show them the same respect and consideration it shows that Dominion.'

All Latin America thinks the same. But Peru, for instance, would rather bow to Washington than to join cause with Chile against the United States. We can well understand why the American Government does not want to become involved in the affairs of Europe. It sees more profit and less risk in eating the artichokes of Latin America than in devouring the ortolans of Europe.

GERMANY AND GERMAN WOMEN

A JAPANESE LADY'S LETTER

BY FUMIKO KISHUN

From Tokyo *Asahi Magazine, October*
(CURRENT-AFFAIRS SUPPLEMENT)

IT is both aggravating and amusing in Germany to discover that the Germans know almost nothing about the Orient. I am quite accustomed to such questions as 'Are there telephones in Japan? Or street cars?' I recall that before I left Japan I heard Germans there say at every possible opportunity, 'We are members of the most highly civilized nation in the world.' This we-stuff is rarely heard in Germany to-day; and yet I have been on the point of declaring many times since I came here that these Germans, for all their blue eyes and high foreheads, know nothing whatever about Japan.

Of course there are exceptions everywhere, and I have met some men who are thoroughly familiar with Oriental thought and who cherish excessive respect and admiration for the Far East. But to the average German Japan is either an archipelago in the South Pacific where bananas and fragrant mangoes grow, or a country like Turkey, where a man can have several wives, or — and this is very common — a country inhabited by a fire-eating, warlike nation bound on conquest and expansion. The two words relative to my country that seem universally known are *geisha* and *hara-kiri*.

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The privations from which Germany is suffering under its paper-money régime have embittered the people toward foreigners. They attribute the constant rise of prices to the latter. Simple people have quite made up their minds that their own misery might be mended if the strangers in the country were summarily expelled. I have overheard such remarks as this: 'An American steamer just in at Hamburg has brought a crowd of tourists from that country. It is reported that they come to buy up everything valuable in the country.' This is repeated every time a steamer arrival is announced.

I always reply to such remarks that the Japanese come to Germany for a different purpose from that of the Americans. No fellow countryman of mine would make a weary voyage of forty days for the sake of living a little cheaper. But none the less we Orientals are always at a disadvantage, for we stand out like beans among pearls. If a Japanese is seen on the street with a lady he is mercilessly conspicuous.

There is a great difference between Japanese women and German women. In Japan a young lady can get a husband while sitting at home and plying her needle, but how difficult it is by contrast for a German woman to get married! She may possess unusual beauty and intelligence, but her case is hopeless if she has no property. A lame woman or a hunchback with a substantial estate can easily outdistance the most charming maiden in the race for matrimony. A German lady indignantly told me: 'I gave up the idea of getting married long ago. Of course it is impossible for a woman like me without property. But what makes the situation worse is the fact that the men are so foolish. All my gentlemen friends of the old times have married rich women who know nothing but how to boil potatoes.' Another lady once said to me: 'Marriage! Excuse me! What if my husband ordered me to do this when I wanted to do something different? Besides, I would have to beg him to give me every cent I spent, even to buy a pair of stockings. I could not endure such a life.' And the methods of courtship are so different, too. A German lady appears freely in public with her fiancé, while a Japanese lady timidly secretes her love letters in her long sleeves. Many a Japanese woman dresses finely in the morning to please her husband, but works till late at night to feed him. No German woman ever does that.

A German lady asked me to tell her what European custom I thought was the most amusing. I said the most comical thing I saw in Europe was kissing. She was tremendously surprised. Whether they are sad or glad, whether they are parting or meeting, Europeans feel it incumbent to kiss and embrace each other. Of course human nature is the same all over the world, and kissing is only a conventional way of expressing an affection that the people of every country feel. More than that, I can see something beautiful in kisses exchanged between lovers quietly and secretly. But what comical scenes I have witnessed at European railway stations! A fat round old woman kissing a young man with rosy cheeks, for instance — is there anything more comical than that!

This reminds me of an anecdote. A Japanese lady made a long, weary trip to Europe to join her husband, who had been there for years, and of whom she had dreamed by night and by day. He met her when she landed at Marseilles. She only smiled and did not even presume to touch his hands. A European who witnessed this stopped a Japanese who stood near by and

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would not let him go until he found out what the latter thought of it.

I occasionally meet people who think that Japanese women are cowed by the tyranny of their husbands. Indeed, there are Japanese who seem to slight their wives in the presence of others, but they may none the less pay deep respect to them in private. Naturally the Germans do not understand these psychological complexities. Another lady, possessed with the idea that Japanese women are the slaves of their husbands, inquired of me regarding this. I reminded her that some ladies in Europe whose hands were kissed so ostentatiously in public were neglected in private. She replied: 'Quite true. Many men show attention to their wives in public in order to seem gentlemen, when they are not so at heart.' This was an experienced lady beyond the age of matrimony.

The more I learn about family life in Germany the better I understand the difference between what we call a good housewife in Japan and what they call a good *Hausfrau* in Germany. The essence of ideal wifehood — an exalted and loyal spirit of self-sacrifice to husband and children — must be the same everywhere. The Japanese housewife devotes her whole time to her family, and is quite forgetful of herself. But the German Hausfrau always saves a portion of her time for her afternoon coffee gossip and her Sunday recreation. Why are our Japanese housewives always at work with no time to sit and rest? I think it is because they have too many things to do.

I do not profess to be a woman of sufficient wisdom and experience myself to decide where the golden mean lies. I observe that in Germany dressmaking is not done at home to so large an extent as with us. I think domestic work in Japan is heavier because our Japanese houses are so inconvenient. It certainly is an arduous task to mend, sew, and wash the clothing — as our Japanese women do — for an entire family.

In regard to dress again, Japanese women are limited in their choice. In Germany there is a whole world of things to delight the taste, and every woman selects freely the colors and fashions she prefers. I think this natural, for in Germany there is a greater variety of shading in the eyes and hair, and ladies naturally choose their garb accordingly. I do not mean that every German woman shows perfect taste in dress, for to know what to do is one thing and to do it well is another. The women of Berlin are truly remarkable for the bad taste with which they select their gowns. Indeed, I have not seen in Germany a really elegantly dressed woman in the highest sense of the word. Those ladies whom I have met in this country who exhibit especially good taste in their attire almost always speak a foreign language. I cannot reconcile myself to the typical, middle-aged German Hausfrau, fattened with beer and potatoes, sitting complacently in a beer garden and wearing a blue jacket.

Nor can I refrain from observing that German women are equally unhappy when they resort to artificial aids to beauty. No matter how she dyes her eyebrows, no matter what devices she may use, the city beauty of Berlin suffers by contrast with the unspoiled country girls of southern Germany. The latter, with their well-poised heads, their clear complexions, bright eyes, and rustic grace, are the most beautiful women I have seen in Europe.

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MAURICE BARRÈS

BY PAUL SOUDAY

[*M. Souday is literary critic of the Paris* Temps *and was personally acquainted with the famous French Nationalist writer who died last December.*]

From *Le Temps, December* 6
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

WHAT a dismal year it has been! Six months ago any educated man who was asked who the three great writers of prose in France were would have instantly named Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Maurice Barrès. In June we lost Loti, and to-night Barrès is dead — a distressing and unexpected piece of news mourned by all friends of French literature.

Who would have thought that his end was near? At sixty, he still remained remarkably young, alert, slender. His fine face, with its profile like Cæsar's, had not changed, nor had that quality of dignity which I may almost call simple majesty and which naturally distinguished his attitude and his movements. Such he was when we knew him thirty years or more ago, and such we found him still only a few weeks since.

The last time I met Barrès was a little while before the holidays in the house of a friend. Always alert to the least detail in literary affairs, he took me apart to discuss Sainte-Beuve, because I had reproached him with caring only for the poetic and romantic side of that writer's work, and disdainfully referring to Sainte-Beuve's critical writings as 'the stubbornness of an old-book dealer.' This was in *L'Homme Libre*, but Barrès had since modified his point of view. 'Do believe,' he said then, 'that I admire the *Lundis*. In them, together with Plutarch and Shakespeare, I found the richest collection of living creatures.'

Last week he could not attend a meeting of the jury to award the Prix Lasserre and had to send his excuses, but even then nobody thought he was seriously ill. Barrès himself had dark forebodings. In the preface to the *Souvenirs d'un officier de la Grande Armée* he wrote last winter: 'The inscriptions on their tombs remind me that my grandfather (the author of these *Souvenirs*) died at sixty-two, and all my family at about the same age. They warn me that it is time to set my affairs in order. I begin to find myself a little pressed for time.'

He was born in 1862 at Charmes-sur-Moselle in the Vosges, of an old Lorraine family on his mother's side, but of Auvergne origin on his father's. He studied, or at least he finished his studies, at the Lycée in Nancy, where he studied philosophy under Burdeau, whom he has painted under the name of Bouteiller. At twenty-one he came to Paris and began to write for the reviews of the advance guard until in 1884 he founded the *Taches d'Encre*, which he edited single-handed and which lasted for only four numbers.

It is said that Victor Hugo about 1882 read in *La Jeune France* an article by Barrès which was called to his attention by Juliette Drouet. Barrès himself told how he saw one day, all together in the Senate Library,

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Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Anatole France — three generations represented by the masters whom he loved; and even then he dreamed of becoming the brilliant representative of the generation yet to follow. Claretie called attention to the *Taches d'Encre* and, if I am not mistaken, referred to it in terms of praise in these very columns, in his *Vie à Paris*.

Maurice Barrès's real beginning dates from his book, *Sous l'œil des barbares*, which put in an appearance in the bookstores toward the end of 1887, even though the first edition is dated 1888. I remember how I stumbled upon the volume one Sunday morning in the galleries of the Odéon and how I bought it on the spot out of my college boy's savings. Soon after, an article by M. Paul Bourget in the *Journal des Débats* brought the work to the public's attention. It had a great success with the *jeunesse littéraire*, and this early promise was soon confirmed by *Un homme libre* and *Le jardin de Bérénice*.

This was the period when Gréard, the Rector of the University, declared in dismay that his students swore only by Verlaine and Barrès. Symbolism and Renanism were flourishing and Barrès's trilogy satisfied both these two tendencies. His style, which the classicists thought obscure but which we to-day find charming, had indeed a trace of symbolism in its delicate *hermétisme*, and its fine musical qualities. Its fluidity and ironic dandyism proceed unquestionably from Renan, especially from the Renan of the later works on secular subjects. In vain did Barrès indulge in one attack after another upon Renan. Jules Lemaître was unwilling to see anything in his three novels except 'exaggerated glosses on some of Renan's formulas,' and Francis Chevassu dubbed Barrès 'Mlle. Renan,' but the analogy was superficial and the diversity already profound. Barrès knew himself better. In reality the *culte de moi* clashed absolutely with the objective attitude of the author of the *Origines du christianisme;* and the *Huit jours chez M. Renan*, which somewhat disturbed the old master, can hardly pass for mere juvenile waggishness. The two were opposite poles of thought confronting one another.

This became evident enough later on, when Barrès published his second trilogy, *Le Roman de l'énergie nationale*, which includes *Les déracinés* (1897), *L'Appel au soldat* (1900), and *Leurs figures* (1902), to which we must add the famous lecture on *La terre et les morts*, just as we may relate to the *culte de moi* the two exquisite volumes called *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*, *Amori et dolori sacrum*, and the novel, *L'Ennemi des lois*.

M. René Doumic congratulated Barrès on his conversion, for he seemed to be going back from an almost anarchistic individualism to the most traditional kind of nationalism; but Barrès replied, in an article entitled *Pas de veau gras* ('No Fatted Calf'). He was right, and perhaps he was even more thoroughly right than he himself knew. His evolution was like that of Fichte. From subjective idealism he moved on by logical development to that collective egotism inherent in all nationalism, since the individual idea necessarily has its roots and its foundations in the national tradition. The whole question is whether we must accept this heretical determination as a rule and a criterion, or whether we must submit to the truth discovered by reason independently of times and places. The latter course was Renan's. Barrès followed his own way when he adopted the other path.

Then politics laid hold of him. From the very first he had been a

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Boulangiste, and on that platform had been elected deputy from Nancy in 1889, and then, after a defeat, deputy from Paris in 1906. He represented the Halles and enjoyed himself in the Chamber, although he did not play a leading rôle; but he never abandoned literature, fortunately for the pleasure of his readers and for his own fame. An indefatigable worker, he continued to publish a number of articles and one volume after another, which can be divided into two categories. There is always Barrès the artist and dilettante, persistent underneath his doctrines, the Barrès of Toledo and of Venice, the author of unforgettable prose-poems which never fail in their delight. This is the Barrès of *Le voyage de Sparte*, of *La colline inspirée*, of *Le jardin sur l'Oronte*, a new enchanter of Chateaubriand's stock, who more than once disturbed the strictly orthodox. And on the other side there is the political Barrès, the man of action, the traditionalist, Déroulède's successor as president of the *Ligue des patriotes*, defender of French influence and French thought, the man who wrote the trilogy, *Bastions de l'Est*, including *Au service de l'Allemagne*, *Colette Baudoche*, *Le génie de Rhin*, the author of *Amitiés françaises*, *Familles spirituelles de la France*, *La grande pitié des églises de France*, *Chroniques de la grande guerre*, the Barrès who sought before everything else to serve. All the world bows with respect before the noble passion of this citizen.

One may not share in detail and in practical wise every one of his opinions. What one may say bluntly and what will be the judgment of posterity is that in all his works the language, the style, and the music of Barrès — what he himself called '*ma chanson elliptique et heurtée*' — will assure him the undivided admiration of all lovers of good writing. Without distinction of party, we mourn a great writer.

PYTHEAS

(*From the Greek Anthology*)

BY R. A. FURNESS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THIS stone denotes the spot where lies
Pytheas, worthy man and wise.
He owned innumerable lots
Of gold, silver, and copper pots,
Having indeed collected more
Than anybody did before.

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PAUL BOURGET

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

[The fifteenth of December was celebrated by admirers of M. Paul Bourget as his jubilé littéraire, *marking the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into literature, in commemoration of which a medal was presented to the novelist. Among those who were to have attended was M. Barrès, whose sudden death cast a gloom over what was to have been a joyous occasion, and M. Bourget, in his speech to his admirers, broke down when he referred to him. The present article is the last that Barrès ever wrote.]*

From *L'Écho de Paris, December* 14
(Clerical Daily)

Others will tell you of the man and of his work. I wish to take a connected view of Paul Bourget's lot in life, to seek in it a model and a lesson, and to find in it an illustration of a special way of life. I have told the story sometimes of how, one day in Spain, when we were visiting the famous little town of Hernain and its sombre church, Paul Déroulède explained to me the Basque belief that if when they enter a church for the first time they make three wishes, Heaven will not fail to grant them. 'For myself,' he added, 'my triple wish is always the welfare of La France, the power to do good, and the honor of my name.'

There is no need to add another word to that. The whole man is defined there; and as for Paul Bourget — what are his three wishes?

Bourget and Déroulède are two figures of the same period who, with all their differences, fit excellently into the traditional framework of French society. One would have fitted into the suite of our most famous chevaliers, the other belongs among men devoted to study and meditation — among the clerics, as people would once have said. Bourget's three wishes could be summed up in some such formula as this: 'To do the work he had to do, to create art, and to express his thought in his work.' His work, his art, and his thought! The chief thing in life is to unite them, to employ all three in the same way — not to scatter one's self in efforts which conflict and cancel one another and disturb us all the more the more richly we are gifted.

Such a coördination is difficult in our day, and most difficult of all in Paris. Many fail in it and fall short of fulfilling the fair promise of their youth. They become sterile through their own fault. Bourget has magnificently succeeded in the unification of his effort. By single-hearted effort he has succeeded in practising his art, in doing work which he expects to live, and in perfecting his intellect.

His art. Bourget belongs to a profession which has demanded all his energies for fifty years. He has a profession. It is that of a man of letters. He understands it completely. He knows how to write a poem, a critical study, a traveler's article, a short story, a novel, or a play. He understands the narrator's art. He knows how to write dialogue. Such a grouping of talents is in the great tradition of the masters, and Bourget has not merely tried these various forms of art, and happened to succeed in them, but has really studied them. He knows the technique. Not only

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does he know it, he is generous in teaching it. He is a *chef d'atelier*.

For forty years at least Bourget has given of his infinite experience to the minds of younger men, and also to the work that has been written in that period. Here lies the secret by which he pleases young people. I can even give the recipe for that popularity. He reads the best books written by the newcomers, and points out to them how, in his opinion, they may best employ their talents and escape their faults. But that is not all. Bourget still further justifies the rank of master which the younger men yield him by his own exercise of professional virtues and the example that he sets in them, for there is a code of literary morals, the first rule of which is love and respect for your art. In his relations with publishers and with the public, Bourget has maintained the best traditions of our craft, and whenever he thought he discerned promise of talent he has taken delight in helping it to hatch. No one knows this better than I, for it was he who turned the warmest and most brilliant sunlight toward my own first book.

His work. Consider how many hundreds of thousands of volumes Bourget has set to circulating in the last fifty years, and how many millions of readers throughout the world have received or at least examined his thought. He writes to amuse, he is a story-teller, yet he has always desired that a spiritual gain should rise from his books. Some of them, indeed, live even in the minds of his adversaries. For example — to refer only to one who is dead — pages of Bourget were mingled with the most intimate meditations of a man like Marcel Sembat, who had read them when he was twenty-five, and delighted in quoting them. This Socialist would approve one thing, contradict another, live by only a part; yet what an agreeable thing it is to make your thought felt among those very people who desire to combat it!

At twenty years Paul Bourget would have liked to study medicine, and, in order to understand man better, wanted to learn his physiological constitution scalpel in hand. Toward his fiftieth year he would have liked to enter into circles of state, like the First Consul, in order to affect social conditions through the law. He thinks sometimes, or at least it seems so to me, that he has used only a part of his force. This is one of those glances that all the world's great workers have cast backward in the evening of their days, no matter what they have harvested along the road which begins with such a great seed-time of hope; but let Bourget believe the unanimous verdict that neither as physician nor as statesman would he have contributed more to our knowledge of human nature, nor would he have become so fruitful a critic of our society.

His intellect. The chief concern of every man is the constant development of his intellectual nature, its cultivation, its purification, its enrichment — in short, the perfection of himself. We cannot accept the objection that there is self-deceit in this, simply because we die at the end of it all, for this would apply also to life itself, and living well is the very thing we are discussing. To the man of letters, his increasing perfection from day to day is of more importance than to any other. Our books from year to year should emerge finer and stronger from a life that is being perpetually enriched. There is no other means of self-renewal. It is the fundamental nature of man himself with which we work.

What a glorious thing it is to see a man's work going on from one book to another to perpetually new horizons,

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to deeper truths, to themes that are taken up again with more and more art. Our books tell the history of our souls, and there is no better work for us than to perpetuate, to increase, and to ennoble our souls. This is Bourget's method.

He understands the civilizations of England and of Italy. He has visited Germany, all the Mediterranean, and the United States. He has pondered the problem of religion, and is haunted almost to the verge of obsession by the yearning to seek out the point where the physical joins the moral. This mystery was the subject of his interminable conversations with his friend, the learned and extremely original Professor Dupré.

And finally, it is his delight and his deliberate effort — I might almost say his form of spiritual hygiene — to keep in touch with young men and to discover, even before they have a clear idea themselves, their personal endowments and what they want to do. Forever at work, he never lingers upon any of his books. He writes them at white heat. To-day's book he will correct in to-morrow's. Yet, fierce worker though he is, he has always had a care to grant himself long vacations, which give him an opportunity to listen to the voice of instinct, and to find afresh the orientations of the soul, in which, suddenly, after a long period scarcely known to us, we find ourselves refreshed and rested.

THESE REMAIN . . .

BY ALEC WAUGH

[The fact is worth emphasizing that this is a young man's story. Mr. Alec Waugh, the son of the distinguished English critic, Arthur Waugh, is still in his early twenties. He joined the British army at seventeen, saw service in France, was taken prisoner, and later wrote a volume on his prison experiences. His published works include two novels and a series of essays on public-school life.]

From *To-Day, December*
(London Literary Monthly)

Edward Marston stirred uncomfortably in his padded office-chair, and a sharp pain shot up his left side. That big toe again. Well, he deserved it, he supposed. Champagne and port was a dangerous mixture, and when one was close on seventy . . .

Still he had been tired last night; no one was going to stop him having his pint of Heidsieck when he was tired, and he had had his glass of port every night for the last forty years. What a fuss Mary had made last night about it. 'If you must, of course you must,' she had said, 'but it 's perfectly ridiculous, you 'll only have gout to-morrow.' And she had been perfectly right. He had got gout.

But even so, what of it? He had enjoyed himself last night. Honest stuff, that Heidsieck. And it was thirty years ago, on Gerald's christening, that

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he had laid down that pipe of port. You could n't get port like that nowadays. Old Prowser had some, and there were still a few bottles at the club. But they did not put it on the wine list. They had agreed on that, the older members. Why fling away good port on those young idiots who drank mixed vermouths before a meal, and whiskey and soda with it? He 'd never had any truck with whiskey. Grain and grape, indeed! Sherry before a meal, a bottle during it, and afterward you could take your choice of port and Madeira and brown sherry and fine champagne.

Another sharp twinge shot along his leg. The pain screwed up his face. Well, but what of it? He had enjoyed himself last night. Four good hours, and he had slept like a log afterward. It had been worth it. He could not expect Mary to see that, of course. Women were so stupid, so ridiculously economical where men's pleasures were concerned. They could not understand a man paying fifteen shillings for a bottle of claret when he could buy a similar quantity of alcoholic liquid at any public house for eightpence. Women, he supposed, made the same complaint about men with regard to clothes. He had never been able, certainly, to see why Mary should want to spend fifteen guineas on a flimsy slip of silk: at her age too, poor thing.

'And now I suppose you want me to bandage up that big toe of yours.'

That was what she would say to him when he got home. And she would insist on his drinking barley water with his dinner, and he could not well refuse her after she had been so gentle with his inflamed foot. But she would not keep him from his glass of port. He 'd be firm there; what was the good of being alive if one did n't get the things one wanted?

'And if you go on drinking port much longer,' she would answer, 'you won't be alive to have them.'

But, again, what of it? He had had a good life, and he was going to go on having one. Sixty-nine last August. He might last five years; he might last twenty years. But he would rather be out of it in eighteen months than dither on to a hundred on milk and water. Get on or get out. That had been his motto on the cricket field. And there was n't so much else left him to enjoy.

It really was rather bad, this gout, though. He did n't think he would come back to the office after lunch. Just a short meal at that Italian restaurant round the corner, a plate of spaghetti and some coffee, and he would catch the 2.05 back to Hogstead. He pressed an electric bell beside his desk, and there appeared a smart-looking girl in a green overall. He smiled at her. She was a pretty thing, and he liked having pretty girls about him. He had always chosen his secretaries for their looks. There was then bound to be one thing right about them.

'Ask Mr. Gerald to come and see me, please, if he is n't busy.'

Within two minutes Gerald Marston was in the room.

'Yes, father?'

Edward Marston paused a moment before answering. Ah, but he was looking fit, that fellow. Fit and young and happy. So smart, too. A newish suit. And he was wearing one of those new soft collars that were kept in place without a tie-pin. He seemed to have been taking a lot more trouble lately about his clothes. A girl probably. One only worried about one's clothes really because of women. And, anyhow, it was good to see a young man particular about what he wore. One can only be a peacock once.

'I 'm sorry to bother you,' he said, 'but I 'm not feeling too well. I don't

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think I shall be coming back here after lunch.'

'Oh, but how rotten, father. I hope —'

'Oh, no, no, no. Nothing at all. A touch of gout. But I think I had better rest it. There 's nothing you wanted to see me about, is there?'

Gerald shook his head.

'That 's all then, my boy. I 'm sorry to have troubled you.'

His eyes followed Gerald to the door. He had a straight back, the young rascal, a fine spring about him. How old was he? Thirty — thirty-one. He never could remember birthdays, except his own. A good age to be in, the early thirties. He did n't grudge it him. He had had a good innings in his time.

He glanced at the mahogany clock above the fireplace. Half-past twelve, and what on earth was he to do to keep himself occupied till one? He was in no mood for work. He had read the *Times*, or rather as much as he intended to read of it. And it was no use going out to lunch for half an hour. The Italian restaurant was within two minutes of the office, and he could not bear eating in an empty room. Not that he ever enjoyed eating very much at the Italian. It was near and it was clean and it was cheap. And it did n't do for a fellow who liked food as much as he did to lunch at too good a place. He 'd be sure to do himself too well and feel sleepy all the afternoon.

Yes, but that was on the days when he worked till six, and this afternoon he would not be coming back to the office. There was no danger of his secretary finding him asleep in his padded chair. It was a pleasant, tempting, exciting thought. There was no real reason why he should catch that 2.05 train to Hogstead. What would there be for him to do there? Sit in front of a fire and wait till dinner. It was not good enough. He was damned if it was good enough. A wasted afternoon, and he had not got so many afternoons left to waste. He would be damned before he 'd lunch off a plate of spaghetti and a cup of coffee.

He rose laboriously from his chair, limped across the room, heaved himself into his coat, and, leaning gratefully on his stick, shuffled down the passage. A cab passed him as he reached the street, and he waved his stick at it.

'The Codrington Club,' he shouted, and sank back into the cushioned seat. For many years now during the winter he had made a practice of lunching at the Codrington on Saturday, but it was a long time since he had been there on a working-day.

'They 'll be surprised to see me,' he thought; 'not many of the old crowd turn up nowadays.'

For thirty-seven years, for the half a lifetime, he had been a member of the Codrington, yet it did not seem so very long ago that he had walked up that stone stairway for the first time. Oh, but he had been frightened! There is nothing much more difficult than a new member's first visit to his club. The porter does not know you. The page-boy eyes you with suspicion. When you walk into the dining-room you feel that your fellow members are looking you up and down, are asking each other who you are, are wondering how on earth you got elected.

But as you walk out of your club you pause and look down on the street below and invite inspection. 'Yes,' your attitude seems to say to it, 'I am a member of this club. I have the right, which you have not, to walk up and down these stairs, to enter any of these rooms, to order what drinks I choose. This is my club,' and then gradually pride and fear are alike lost in a spirit of tempered kindliness. It is your home,

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this club, simply that, a familiar place where you can be yourself.

Slowly, and with an appreciable expenditure of effort, Edward Marston walked up the stone stairway of his club. As he reached the top step the door was pulled open by the page-boy.

'Good morning, sir.'

'Good morning, boy.'

He stumped across the hall, turned into the cloakroom on his left, hung up his hat and coat, plunged his hands into a basin of steaming water. And he had thought of lunching at that Italian place where they had cold water and damp towels and they sent out for wine.

He smiled at the head waiter as he took his seat at the corner of the table by the fire.

'You don't often see me here on a week-day, Jobson?'

'No, sir. Saturday 's your day, sir.'

'Has Sir George been in the club lately?'

'No, sir. I don't think so.'

'Nor Mr. Merivale?'

'Not that I can remember, sir, not since he was here with you, way back in July.'

'Dear me, dear me, they 're breaking up, I 'm afraid, Jobson. Well, now, let 's have a look at the bill of fare.'

He ran his eye down it carefully. He was n't going to hurry his lunch. He had n't got to bolt back to the office, like that young idiot who had ordered cold lamb without having been up to the sideboard first to look at it. They did n't understand food, these fellows.

Soup, yes, he would begin with soup. Clear turtle soup.

Edward Marston drew his hand thoughtfully across his chin. A good place to eat, the Codrington, but difficult. Difficult to make up one's mind. Steak? A point steak was always a sound choice. But his teeth were less strong than they had been. Something tenderer — pheasant; a bottle and a bird. Old-fashioned, but you could n't beat it. A bottle and a bird.

'And a Japanese salad, sir?'

His eye caught Jobson's, and twinkled. He knew his tastes, the rascal.

'Yes, a Japanese salad, Jobson. And, oh, well, the club savory to follow.'

The wine waiter was at his elbow. 'Good morning, sir,' he said, and leaned forward with the wine list. Ah! he knew him too, did Fresham. He did n't say, 'Can I get you anything to drink, sir?' as he did to these young fools who spoiled their palates with double whiskeys. He knew Edward Marston, had known him for thirty years, and not a pint of beer or a glass of whiskey in the whole of them. He brought the wine list to Edward Marston.

He took the list and turned the pages lovingly. A red wine, certainly a red wine. And Burgundy. Burgundy had more body than claret had. A better foundation, too, for port. And in spite of his gout-he-meant to have his port in the library afterward.

'This Chambertin, Fresham, as good as ever?'

Fresham bent his head respectfully but confidentially, as one specialist to another.

'Yes, sir, still very good, sir, but if I might recommend this Richebourg, sir. We 've only a very few bottles left, and Sir Reginald was speaking most highly of it last evening, sir.'

Edward Marston pondered the question for a moment.

'Right,' he said at last. 'Right, I 'll take your advice.'

'And half a bottle, sir?'

Edward Marston looked up at him, and again there was a twinkle in his eye, a twinkle to which the servant's eye responded.

'No, damn it, Fresham! I'll have a bottle.'

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The twinkle in Fresham's eye deepened into a smile, a smile of pride and respect and admiration. A gentleman who knew wine, was Mr. Marston.

An hour later, warm and comfortable and at peace, Edward Marston, lying back in the deep armchair in the dark corner of the library, stretched out his hand toward the bell.

'Send Fresham up here,' he told the page.

And once again the wine specialist leaned forward respectfully and confidentially.

'The old port, Fresham — you know the one I mean. Send me up half a pint of it.'

Fresham bowed as though an honor had been conferred on him.

'That port 's running very low now, sir,' he said. 'It won't last more than a couple of years, sir, I am afraid.'

'Really, really, and if we had n't kept it quiet it would have gone five years ago. The committee was very wise about that. It would have been wasted on these young fellows.'

Fresham nodded his bald head.

'They would n't have appreciated it, sir,' and the eyes of two staunch Tories met a little wistfully.

'How long have you been here, Fresham?' Edward Marston asked.

'As long as I can remember.'

'Fifty-five years in all, sir. I came here as a page when I was twelve, and I 've been wine waiter now thirty years.'

'A long time, Fresham.'

'A long time, sir, but it 's gone very quickly and very pleasantly, all things considered.'

'Thirty years,' Edward Marston repeated — 'thirty years. You 've seen a biggish change in most of us. But yourself, you know, Fresham, you don't seem to have altered much.'

Thoughtfully Fresham stroked his soft, drooping, white moustache.

'I don't know, sir,' he said. 'Perhaps. But all you gentlemen, sir, you look very much the same as you always have. The club 's changed though, sir, I 've noticed that.'

'A change — what — how do you mean? Not for the worse, I hope.' A change? He had seen no change. The words came a little stiffly. If the committee was letting in the wrong sort of youngster . . . He only saw the older men himself.

But Fresham instantly reassured him.

'Oh no, sir! I would n't say that, sir. It 's just different, sir. Times are changing. The young gentlemen don't want brown sherry. They want vermouths and gins and bitters, and they take whiskey with their dinner, and there 's not as much port drunk as there was.'

Edward Marston nodded.

'They have n't the head for it. But it 's a pity, Fresham — it 's a pity.'

'Yes, sir, a big pity. I don't like to see it, sir.'

Still, if there were not so many people who drank mixed vermouth, there would be less good port for those that liked it, and this was a comforting reflection to Edward Marston as he sank down into the depths of his armchair and sipped slowly at the precious liquid. Ah! but it was fine stuff; there was nothing to beat old port, nothing to touch it. You could not define, could not explain its magic. They were always trying to, these writer chaps, and always missing it. You could explain Burgundy and champagne and claret; but not port. That was an affair of palate. You either knew it or you did n't know it, and there it was.

With infinite care he refilled his glass from the decanter. He was taking more than was good for him, no doubt. But why should n't he if it gave him pleas-

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and he was prepared to pay the price for it in gout? He had n't, after all, got so very much else left him. His daughter was married, happily as far as he could see. Gerald had his flat in St. James's. They did n't need him any longer. And grandchildren was a woman's game. He had lost interest in his business. For all he knew it was running downhill now. Well, let it, he did n't care, it would last his lifetime. He had put fifty years of solid work into it. He had done his share. It was up to Gerald to run it now. He had done his share.

His cricket days were over. It was quite pleasant to sit in the shadow of the pavilion and condole with the batsman who had made a duck, and encourage the one who was shivering in his pads. Pleasant enough; but there it was. If you had played the game once, it was not quite the same thing to watch it now. Of all the things he had enjoyed and valued in the past, there was nothing that he enjoyed and valued as highly as he had then, nothing except good food and wine. It was curious that; that the pleasures of the table should so outlive everything, outlive ambition and romance, one's interest in religion and literature and politics, one's absorption in the stir of life. Everything had left him, little by little. This remained.

All his old hobbies and enthusiasms: his stamp collection, his first cricket-bat, his boxing-gloves, his early ambitions, his struggles, his love affairs. There had been a time when he had thought continuously of girls. For hours on end he had discussed the vagaries of feminine psychology. How was one to treat a girl? Was one to be rough or gentle? Should one stand aloof or prostrate one's self before her? Did she expect a man to be well dressed, or did she think smart clothes foppish and unmanly? There was a period in every young man's life when woman seemed the only topic worthy of discussion. It passed, of course, with marriage usually. Other interests took its place. They had certainly in his case.

Not but that there had been hard times afterward. There was in every man's life, he supposed, one incident, one chapter whose pages are rarely turned, an equivalent somewhere for that vivacious little brown-eyed widow who had so disturbed his peace of mind in that seventh year of marriage. Even now he did not know how much or how little she had meant to him. Not very much, she had once told him. 'You know, Teddy,' she had once said, 'we don't love each other enough to cut and run.'

It had hurt him a good deal when she had said that; and even now, with so much buried and forgotten, he could not bring himself to believe she had been right. Surely it had been more than the casual attraction of a pair of roguish eyes. But to cut and run! It was not so easy as those writer fellows made it seem. To fling over a wife and a family and a home. And Mary had been so clever. She had never said a word, never done anything that would force him to make a choice. She had just waited, had never given him a hint that she guessed or knew. And she had, of course. Wives always did know those things. She had made him feel ashamed to look her in the face, and in a few months it was over, as those things always are if they are left alone.

He stirred comfortably and complacently in his chair. There was just half a glass of port left in the decanter. He would finish it off, and then he would lie back and close his eyes, and in a few minutes he would be asleep. A long sleep it would be after that lunch and that Burgundy and now this

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port. A good long sleep that would bring him two hours nearer dinner.

Ah, but life was good! There had been trouble, and trouble was at an end. There had been happiness of one kind, and now there was happiness of another, and it had been so gentle, the process of change. One thing had flowed so quietly into another. Nothing abrupt or sudden. One by one, each interest had loosened its hold on him; so gradually that at the last he had been unable to tell [illegible] moment the clinging fingers had [illegible] from him. He regretted [illegible] desired nothing.

He tilted back his glass till the rim rested on his nose, then replaced it on the table by his side. His eyelids closed upon his eyes. He stretched himself, folded his hands across his stomach; and, with the flavor of port still lingering on his tongue, he sank comfortably to sleep.

J.-H. FABRE AT HOME

BY BARONNE D'ORSAN

From *Le Figaro, December* 22
(Paris Radical-Party Daily)

For himself, J.-H. Fabre would have preferred silence and solitude, but time, which sets everything aright, has made of the hundredth anniversary of the entomologist's birth a day of universal homage to his memory. Since his jubilee, on April 3, 1910, much has been written on the Hermit of Sérignan, and he has been much discussed, but, because the true Fabre is really scarcely known, legendary stories have gotten mixed up with the true facts, which are interesting enough in themselves without any additions.

The son of the peasants of St. Léons in Aveyron, where Fabre was born on the twenty-first of December, 1823, was endowed with exceptional abilities, which he never ceased to exercise. Thus one might sum up a life which was without adventure and without repose. To set an error right, to find out and demonstrate the real facts about the instincts of his friends the scorpions and the beetles, these were his chief joys, compared with which neither the gains nor the amenities of existence counted for anything. 'Ah, holy joys of truth bursting suddenly upon the mind,' he has written somewhere, 'what other joys are comparable to you?'

As to Fabre's continual labor I may quote the testimony of his grandson, M. Henri Fabre, the famous professor of mathematics at the *Lycée de Digne*. The few lines that he wrote were not intended for the public eye, but I should not have ventured to let them appear if I had not secured the half-humorous consent of his illustrious grandfather. One day somebody told the old man that he did not guard himself carefully enough against those indiscretions which are only too frequent with anyone who wields the pen.

'Say anything you want,' said Fabre,

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looking at me, 'except that I am a rascal.'

And the grandson has endorsed the consent of the grandfather: 'When, during summer vacations about 1900, my parents came to stay for two months at the Harmas, my grandfather was in my boyish eyes only my father's father. I did not yet understand him, and all I remember now is that I was not allowed to play under the windows of his laboratory. Noise and games would have disturbed his thought. From the beginning I knew *le père*, as we used to call him, as a furious worker, and I may add that his continual application checked some of my pranks, but these childhood impressions were succeeded by the most profound respect and limitless admiration when I grew able to appreciate all that he had accomplished by the sheer application of intelligence and will. I used to be extremely proud when a brief word or two would express his satisfaction with my work as a schoolboy or later as a student. My chief memory is that of a grandfather whose precepts were examples, and who never ceased to urge upon his relatives the injunction to work, work always, because work carries within itself its own recompense and its own joy.

'Our conversations dealt usually with my studies, and I remember his account of the webs of the Epeira spiders, because I was studying the properties of logarithmic spirals at the time, and I had from him my best lesson in geometry.'

M. Henri Fabre describes the duty of silence which was imposed upon the whole household at the Harmas. It is the same thing that Frédéric Mistral noted in his supreme appreciation of the insect genius in March 1914: 'The tiny animals make little noise. It is the big ones who make a racket. Except for the cicadas, the crickets, and a few others, they all speak in such soft tones that the ear of man cannot hear them, but Fabre has listened so carefully that he has understood everything they say.' And hence — or so Mistral would have it — came the strange revelations of the mysteries of their mating, the scenes of insect tragedy, and the prodigies of maternal care. Though we may smile at this pretty fancy of our great poet, who would make of Fabre literally the interpreter of the animals, we may be sure that the entomologist was unwilling to have his specimens frightened or his attention distracted.

His children, who shared his alertness, were under absolute submission. It took a love affair to produce the first assault upon his authority. His oldest daughter chanced to be the heroine of an attachment which might be excused by her twenty years, the ardor of the southern climate, and the traditional influence of Diane de Poitiers, Baronne de Sérignan.

Indifferent to the lack of a rich dot, a young man of a good Vauclusienne family asked for the hand of Mademoiselle Rose in marriage. 'You have n't enough education,' objected Père Fabre.

'All right, I will get some,' replied the lover, who came back next year and presented the entomologist with a *brevet élémentaire*.

'Hein! So low a degree hardly matters.'

Mademoiselle Rose was in despair, while her *caliguaire* (Provençal, 'lover'), displaying both fidelity and perseverance, returned presently, fortified with a *brevet supérieur*.

'What, nothing but that? Rose is worth more than that. She shall not marry anybody but a real professor,' declared the rude Aveyronnais. Encouraged by the young lady, her admirer resigned himself again, and determined to accomplish what was

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demanded. This time it would be pretty hard to refuse consent.

'Eh bien! Now I'll think it over,' conceded the stern master of the household, but Mademoiselle Rose, who had been doing some thinking herself, demanded the completion of the idyl, and now it was the turn of the father to yield before a will which he had to admit was as strong as his own. The entomologist was better acquainted with the instincts of insects than with the hearts of young girls.

Nevertheless, unrelenting foe of vivisection that he was, Fabre was not without compassion and tenderness. Long ago he had been a teacher in Corsica and had been so impressed by his favorite pupil, Michel Renucci, the son of a baker at Ajaccio, that in 1912 he asked to have an investigation made to see what had become of him, and through the courtesy of a journalist, M. de Santa-Maria, his interest was satisfied. Renucci had become a lieutenant during the Crimean War, 1854–5, and had met a glorious death. The Hermit of Sérignan was overcome by the news, sixty years old though it was. He had not had time for investigation or for mourning sooner, but he had not forgotten.

Neither had he returned to the little village of Rouergue, of which he sometimes thought. Yet on July 27, 1899, he wrote to his son, Émile, professor in the Collège d'Orange: 'I should like to get two more photographs of our little village — one of the century-old linden if it is still existing, the other of the big fountain in the square, with its deep arch, which was always sheltering a few washerwomen.' One cannot be so definite as this about old recollections unless the heart aids the memory. This celebrated Aveyronnais has confided to us his belief that 'a link of exquisite sweetness holds us to our native soil. We are like plants that cannot without wounds leave the spot where their first roots struck.'

The schoolbooks that Fabre had written, which a few years before had been as successful and profitable as the seven fat kine of Pharaoh's vision, now became lean kine, victims of bad sales; but M. Poincaré, who at that time also was Président du Conseil, had a rather substantial state subsidy assigned to the entomologist, as a literary pension, although its beneficiary had asked for nothing.

So pacifistic in his sentiment that he despised the greatness of the Napoleonic epic, Fabre nevertheless displayed an ardent patriotism in his invincible dislike of Germans, to whom he always refused the privilege of translating his books. Neither would he receive the Kaiser's subjects. To their importunities for an audience he used to reply: 'I am ninety years old.' The entomologist used to come out with his great age in the tone of a man cracking a good joke, as if he were playing a wicked trick on the barbarians in contriving to be so very old.

But the enemy of all French superiority took vengeance on the grand old man, for the sudden onset of Germany deprived him of the apotheosis that had been planned by his admirers, and his sons and sons-in-law were mobilized. 'Oh, if I could only follow them to the front,' he used often to exclaim.

Dwelling temporarily at Sérignan, I became familiar with the family at the Harmas, whither I used to like to take flowers, just to see Fabre seize them, caress them with his long, slender fingers, and then hear him give me a lecture on botany. One evening I found him smiling and full of life. Were the communiqués better this evening? No, the master told me, he had received a visit from a foreign curé, whom he had amused himself by shocking.

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'How did you do it?' I asked.

'Oh, well, he got to talking about God, and I told him I did n't believe in God. If you could only have seen him jump! He grabbed his hat, got up and was ready to go' — and Fabre burst out laughing; but before my movement of surprise and dismay, 'Don't be alarmed,' he said. 'I added immediately, "Monsieur le curé, I don't believe in God, for to believe in God implies an effort of the will. I don't believe in God, it is true, but I do *see* Him."' Then very gravely the entomologist rounded out his thought: 'God is the last word in science.'

More moved than I wished to appear, I asked: 'And what did the priest say?'

'The priest? Oh, he sat down again.'

I can never forget that mingling of sturdy faith and piquant irony.

Only a little while afterward the Harmas was in mourning. Preceded, surrounded, and followed by crowds doing homage, — all come to add to the formalities of the national funeral of October 14, 1915, — the body of the great scientist was borne to the modest plot in the rustic cemetery of Sérignan, and his coffin was placed upon the ground near the yawning opening of the vault of the Fabre family. The Prefect of Vaucluse stepped forward to offer the homage of France in the name of the Government. The director of the *École normale d'Avignon* spoke of the great awakening. Charles Formentin, a talented journalist who is not forgotten in Paris, was speaking with emotion when suddenly there was a stir among the people, and the orator broke off. Then we saw, we all saw, a snail climbing slowly up the coffin, covered with its mortuary drapery. A grasshopper leaped over it, then a *volette*, and then a ladybug.

The Homer of the insects had a funeral ceremony worthy of himself, but no master of ceremonies could possibly have dreamed of this little thing, this trifle that was so touching — the homage of the tiny animals to their historian, their poet, and their friend.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

FROM 'POEMS,' BY THOMAS SHARP

AFTER RAIN

O Summer rain, come not again
  To-night, but on some morrow
Return and leave that peace at eve
  The world is fain to borrow.

O rain benign, thy subtle wine
  Makes glad the grass and greener;
Freshness of morn is here reborn,
  Yet with a note serener.

Upon the downs are cloudy crowns
  Sombre, but there a gladder
Sign hangs for sight — yon shaft of light
  Gleams in the west — Hope's ladder.

Gray grows the west; earth seems a nest
  Hushed, with a lone bird calling
Soft to his mate: 'Love, it is late:
  Come for the dusk is falling.'

O summer rain, come not again
  To-night, but on some morrow
Return and leave this peace at eve
  The heart is fain to borrow.

EXPOSTULATION (*Without Reply*)

Up and quit your parchments, clerk,
  You that sighed for Spring's returning:
Spring is here in bud and bark,
  Rampant in the gorse and burning
In the frenzied mounting lark.

Documents of ancient date
  Fetter you and files of cases,
Wherefore in a prison wait?
  Earth calls to her liberal spaces
You, sad excommunicate.

To the road betake you, sir!
  Leave behind your cloistered labor,
Foot you where the wayfarer
  Day-long has the sun for neighbor,
Quiet earth for minister.

Earth aroused from slumber stark,
  Earth athrill at Spring's returning,
Calls in carol of the lark.
  Quit your proofs, this title earning —
'Reader of earth's runes,' O clerk.

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THE CITY OF DAVID

PROFESSOR R. A. S. MACALISTER, the leader of the joint expedition to the Holy Land sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund and the London *Daily Telegraph*, contributes to that newspaper an account of the discovery and identification of Millo, near Jerusalem, to which repeated references are made in the Old Testament, especially in the two Books of Kings. One of the best references is in Second Samuel, where we are told that David, after having occupied the stronghold of Zion, 'built round about from Millo and inward.' In the first Book of Kings, however, we are told specifically three times that it was Solomon who built Millo, and in the twenty-seventh verse of the eleventh chapter the statement is made, 'Solomon built Millo, and repaired the breaches of the city of David his father.'

This is the literary material which Professor Macalister finds to correspond 'almost uncannily' with the archæological evidence still in the ground: —

> We should find a fortress built, filling a breach in the wall, and we have found it. That tower should show signs of a later repair under stress of imminent danger, and it does. There should be a fortification wall built 'inward from' the tower, and there is. There should be no conspicuous fortification here earlier than the time of Solomon, and there is not. Absolutely everything that we know about Millo — except the murder of Joash, which could hardly be expected to leave recognizable traces — is reflected in the structures which have now passed under the reader's eye. In the absence of inscriptions, none of which have come to light, I venture to say that these coincidences constitute the strongest possible argument in favor of the claim that Millo has been discovered, and a hitherto unsolved problem of the Bibliotopography of Jerusalem settled.

Having made his discoveries, Professor Macalister is taking the unusual step of covering them up again with earth. It is not practicable to remove what he has found for permanent shelter in museums, and bitter experience has convinced him that to leave the stonework above ground would simply be inviting the fellaheen to make a stone quarry of it.

The location of the ancient City of David solves a great problem of Biblical history, but with it go other remarkable discoveries. Some of the walls and towers go back to the Jebusite period, or as far as 2000 B.C. The City of David itself belongs to about 1000 B.C., and the additions built by King Hezekiah bring us down close to Nebuchadnezzar's havoc in the seventh century B.C. Far above these, in the upper strata, lie interesting remains of Roman and Byzantine occupation during the Christian era.

The discovery of Mycenæan pottery and an Egyptian seal of the Twelfth Dynasty indicate early links with Cretan and Greek civilization, and this, taken together with French discoveries in Syria, offers pretty good evidence that Egyptian influence was very widespread throughout this portion of Asia Minor. Professor G. Elliot Smith declares that the excavation now going on at the ancient city of Ur will reveal similar Egyptian influences in Babylon.

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MODERN EVOLUTION OF MOORISH ARCHITECTURE

Nuestro Tiempo summarizes an extensive article by Gil Torres in the October issue of the *Revista Hispano-*

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Africana. The author has found that the population of Morocco is not nearly so barbarous as it is painted. The highland people, to be sure, are aggressive and inclined to pillage, but the dwellers in the plains retain traces of the old Moorish civilization, which, if given encouragement, might blossom again.

He dwells particularly on architecture, an art which has survived in Morocco better than it has in other Oriental countries where European domination forcibly supplanted it with modern fashions. In Morocco it is still in evolution. At first glance a Moroccan palace seems immutable in its design as compared with other examples of the same architecture, but closer observation discloses subtle changes which clearly indicate an evolution which has begun in Spain and has been transmitted by emigrants from Granada to their disciples in Morocco. There is a tendency to simplify, and to allow the whole to dominate the details. Minutely elaborate decoration is out of favor; instead, broad harmonies of loud colors are sought, which give a very original aspect to the interior.

Of course, the basis of the decoration is the arabesque, the very soul of all Moslem art, the most elevated and genuine expression of Semitic genius, which gives Arab art its preëminently intellectual character.

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ART IN RAILWAY ADVERTISING

THE London, Midland and Scottish Railway has enlisted the services of seventeen British painters — all either members or associates of the Royal Academy — to improve the quality of its advertising. The railway officials have done more than this: they have announced that the artists will not be hampered by advertising requirements in any way. The L. M. S. will content itself with indicating the district or the industry that it wishes to advertise, and rely on the skill and judgment of the painter for the rest.

The new movement is largely due to the marine painter, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, who interested his fellow artists in the proposal. Among the better-known Academicians who are participating are Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Sir William Orpen, and Mr. Augustus John.

The other railways are also embarking on poster contests, though on a less ambitious scale, and an effort is being made to prepare British color printers to do justice to the designs which will be submitted to them.

Hand in hand with this advertising improvement goes a reform which is not nearly so much needed in England as in our own country. To American eyes, long tortured by disfiguring signs, the English landscape seems almost untouched by the advertiser, but the English, jealous of their beautiful landscapes, think there is already too much advertising by billboards which disfigure the country. Two of the biggest corporations have joined the movement started some time ago by the Dunlop and Michelin companies. Shell Mex, Limited, and the Anglo-American Oil Company have decided to withdraw all their field advertisements immediately. The British Petroleum Company is abandoning roadside advertising in the Isle of Wight, Cornwall, Kent, the Lake District, and elsewhere, and the North British Rubber Company is contemplating similar action. Lord Lascelles is president of a society which is active in preventing the disfigurement of the landscape. This society is now working in coöperation with the Royal Automobile Club to induce other oil companies to give up their advertising where it spoils scenery.

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OPERA AN INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

THE proposed visit to London by the company of the Vienna State Opera House has encountered lively opposition from the English Musicians' Union. The attitude of the Union is deplored by distinguished figures in the English artistic world. Sir Henry Arthur Jones declares that the effort to extend 'protection' from the mercantile world to the world of the spirit is wholly wrong because 'it is mixing up economics and æsthetics, two things which should be kept separate.'

If the Viennese company comes to London, it will appear in Covent Garden with a cast of ninety of its best artists, and will be reënforced with English chorus singers, ballet dancers, and technicians. The present plans contemplate a visit beginning in May, which will continue until the middle of July, when London will be full of foreign visitors attracted by the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The conductors will be Doctor Schalk and Richard Strauss. The proposed bill includes operas of Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, and Puccini. German opera is to be sung in German, Italian in Italian.

A MOVING-PICTURE MUSEUM

THE future will both see and hear us, if the rest of the world adopts plans which are now being made to establish a film and phonograph-record museum in London. Whether the generations to come are to be congratulated or commiserated for having their ancestors thrust upon them instead of conveniently escaping them, as other generations have always done, is a question to be touched on with discreet and appropriate lightness.

The new museum, if it is formed, will be built around the nucleus of film already in the possession of the Imperial War Museum. There are hundreds of thousands of feet of moving-picture film in this collection, reporting historic military and naval engagements of the war, among which are the Battle of the Somme and the blocking of Zeebrugge Harbor. Hitherto preservation of films has been difficult because the negatives from which they are made eventually contract, but a new celluloid material, which is unshrinkable and unburnable, promises to solve this difficulty. One film also in existence chronicles events as far back as 1899, showing Queen Victoria's visit to Dublin in that year and her funeral in 1900 with the former Kaiser as one of the mourners.

To the purely visual collection of the War Museum may be added the strictly vocal collection of the British Museum. This includes phonograph records of the voices of King George and Queen Mary, Patti, Melba, Caruso, Chaliapin. Among the statesmen whose voices have been taken are Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Admiral Perry, Sir Ernest Shackleton, and various others.

ECONOMICAL MARRIAGES IN TURKEY

ALTHOUGH he is victorious both in war and diplomacy, the terrible Turk finds it necessary in these trying days to be economical much like anyone else. The ban on polygamy recently pronounced in Angora is merely a confirmation of what has long been the Turkish practice. Mohammed permitted his followers four wives, but such an establishment long ago became too expensive, and monogamy has been if not the rule at least the practice for most Turks for a long time.

Now the Municipal Council of Ak-

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Sher, a little-known town in Anatolia, has carried matrimonial autonomy a step further and has limited the expense of the marriage ceremony. There is to be no music unless the drummer — who constitutes most of it — obtains a permit one day in advance. For this he must pay one pound Turkish, but he is not allowed to receive more than five pounds for playing two days and two nights. Only three vehicles may be sent to fetch the bride, and the fees paid for horse and motor vehicles are strictly fixed. It is likewise forbidden to give tips, to adorn the bride with gold coin, to decorate the carriages, to give the bride more than two suits of clothes or one set of furniture, and to exhibit the dowry. Last, but far, far from least, wedding presents are prohibited, at least by the relatives of the two parties — a huge burden off the mind of Uncle Abdullah when he hears that Achmed and Fatimah have announced their engagement.

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A ROYAL MONARCHIST

THE *Morning Post*, always the friend of royalty and any other conservative institution, tells an amusing story with a royal hero: —

The scene was the smoking-room of a Wiesbaden hotel, and a politician was declaiming to a small audience on the advantages of a republican form of government. Presently he observed a smile on the face of a white-bearded gentleman seated at an adjacent table. 'Are you a monarchist, sir?' he asked the stranger. The white-bearded gentleman admitted that he was. 'Well, sir,' said the Republican, crushingly, 'would you mind giving us your reasons for preferring a monarchical form of government?' 'Sir,' replied the monarchist, 'the first and foremost reason is that I am myself a king.' The white-bearded gentleman was Oscar II.

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'BY APPOINTMENT TO THE KING'

EVERY other shop-window in London — or so it seems to the casual wanderer — bears the Royal Arms and the gilt-lettered legend: 'By appointment to the King.' But actually the number is not quite so large, according to an article published in the London *Gazette*. No tradesman is permitted to display the Royal Arms unless he has a warrant of appointment to the Royal Household, and only 916 London tradesmen hold these warrants. Most of them are in business in the British Isles, but there are others in India, France, Canada, Australia, and Egypt. There is even a firm of philatelists who hold the Royal warrant, for, as is well-known, King George is an ardent collector of postage stamps.

Of the 916 tradesmen, sixty-five come under the Privy Purse Department, 448 in the Household, 268 in the Ceremonial Department, and 135 serve the Royal Stables, among the latter being seven veterinary surgeons. Thus all the King's horses and all the King's men, besides His Majesty himself, not to mention the Royal Family, are well cared for.

Besides the 916 tradesmen to the King, 146 hold warrants from the Lord Chamberlain for the Queen. Among these are a goldsmith, an antiquary, milliners, manufacturing artists' colormen, purveyors of Japanese goods, and a shoemaker. The King has an instructor by Royal warrant in physical culture, and special firms who supply wine corks, stable brooms, sponges, and gold lace.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Anton Chehov: A Critical Study, by William Gerhardi. London: Cobden-Sanderson, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Outlook*]

THE author of *Futility* pays homage to his master. It is rather characteristic of his methods that, after sixty-six pages of his book, Mr. Gerhardi should suddenly turn to his reader and assure him that 'Chehov's name, by the way, had much better be spelled as I spell it.' But, in spite of a certain tendency to rambling, he has given us the most thorough appreciation of Chehov's peculiar sensibility and technical methods that has yet appeared in English. As the ground plan of his critical examination, he has adopted that roughed-out by Mr. Middleton Murry in his *Countries of the Mind.* The result is decidedly successful.

No one, of course, could write about Chehov without being immediately brought against the relations of literature and life, and, granting a current and generally acceptable meaning to both of these troublesome concepts, Mr. Gerhardi's view of their connection is clearly and consistently argued. True, he is somewhat overcome by the rarefied air of the higher altitudes in his examination of the Chehovian conception of God, reason, and progress; nor is he much helped by his comparisons with Mr. Wells. But the book as a whole will make many readers reopen their Chehov with a quickened sensibility to his elusive beauty. To the English translations of Mrs. Garnett Mr. Gerhardi pays generous tribute.

Some New Letters of Edward FitzGerald. Edited by F. R. Barton. With a Foreword by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. London: Williams and Norgate, 1923. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

NEW letters by such a hand as FitzGerald's raise great expectations. The present series is not altogether equal to those already published, but it contains things that are characteristic and quite delightful, and could not, one thinks, have been passed over by Aldis Wright, if he had seen them. Yet FitzGerald's literary executor was very fastidious, and never inclined to supply a complete conspectus of his friend, though highly indignant when other people began to trespass on his ground.

Bernard Barton, to whom these letters are addressed, was the Quaker, bank-clerk, and maker of homely verse who won Lamb's regard. Later, he was FitzGerald's crony over toasted cheese and a pipe. These were doubtless very movable feasts, for the letters reveal the ever-changing arrangements of their sender. He seems to grow forlorn everywhere, because he wants to be somewhere else. He stays on in town longer after all, when he is pining for country air. He is restless and undecided, 'infirm of purpose.' He writes mostly about pictures picked up in auction-rooms or scrubby shops, and later exchanged or given away. He wishes to see friends, and is disappointed when he sees them. He marries Lucy Barton with mistaken generosity, when both are well over forty, and parts from her after a brief trial of joint life. Did he not say, 'We are all of us mad, and we all know it, except my brother John'? He is at least an original, and his gravestone in Boulge churchyard bears, if we remember right, the protest, 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.' . . .

These letters precede the translation of Omar Khayyám, which was to make FitzGerald's posthumous fame and send scribes hotfoot after the stories long known at Woodbridge, and the shop of Mr. Loder, which Captain Barton puts at Ipswich. But letter-writing rather than translating was the business of his life. Few have won so much leisure and detachment from the busy world, and few have written with more ease and charm. His habitual reserve shows up his little bursts of confidence and eloquence. He seems to view life as an outside spectator, alternately shrewd and humorous, hopeless or indifferent. With a little studied affectation and a dose of selfishness, FitzGerald might have been like the Wise Youth in *Richard Feverel,* for whose portrait his nephew sat.

Mah Jong and How to Play It, by 'Etienne.' London: Methuen, 1923. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mah Jong's Do's and Don't's, by Eileen Beck. London: Methuen, 1923. 2*s.*

Mah Jong and How to Play It, by Chiang Lee. London: De La Rue, 1923. 5*s.*

Mah Jongg, by 'East Wind.' London: Routledge, 1923. 2*s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

ALL these books on the fascinating Chinese game of Mah Jongg, or 'Sparrow,' initiate the average pastime-seeker in an easily understood manner into the intricacies of this increasingly popular game. Already Mah Jongg has become a strong rival of Bridge among the European communities in the Far East, especially in the Crown Colony of Hongkong and the neighboring Treaty Port of Shanghai. With the aid of these books this age-

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old Chinese pastime will doubtless be eagerly welcomed in England, and 'East Wind's' explanations should be particularly useful owing to their extreme simplicity.

South American Jungle Tales, by Horacio Quiroga. London: Methuen, 1923. 6*s*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Mr. Horacio Quiroga has an artlessness of narration which conceals admirably his art in these quaint stories of panthers and jaguars and other proprietors of the South American forests. 'How the Rays Defended the Ford' tells of a battle on the Yabebiri, which means 'River of Ray Fish.' No one would expect from this species of mud fish, with its long, stinging tail, the Homeric qualities that Mr. Quiroga has discovered, but gratitude is a great miracle-worker, and the rays were grateful to a man who had saved them from extinction by dynamite. So when he came to the river bank, wounded by a panther, the rays made way for him and did not allow their tails to touch him as he waded across to an island on which he fell fainting from loss of blood.

Naturally the panther followed him, and asked the rays to stand aside for him. But when he jumped into the stream they stung him until he had to retreat. In time the whole army of panthers rallied to the attack, but the rays fought them, and it would have gone hard with them had not a river hog been dispatched to the man's wife for a Winchester rifle, which arrived only just in time. When the man recovered from his wounds he built a bungalow on that island, and would smoke his pipe on a rock overlooking the water: 'The rays would creep up softly over the bottom and point him out to fish who did not know him: "There he is, see? The panthers came across over here; we stood in line over there. And when the panthers broke through the Man took his rifle, and . . . "'

Coon stories are proverbial all over the American continent, but this author has put a naïve and unexpected charm into 'The Story of Two Racoon Cubs and Two Man Cubs.' It is the tale of a little racoon who was caught stealing eggs, and kept so comfortably at a farm that when his family came to rescue him he refused to stir. One evening, however, they found a rattlesnake in the familiar cage. The mother racoon and her two cublets killed the rattlesnake and mourned for their dead little one. They were sorry, too, for the man cubs, who would lose their playfellow. Finally it was decided, with a wisdom worthy of Æsop, that the second youngest cublet should crawl into the cage and take the place of his dead brother. So, in his turn, he became tame, and fed his family with bits of boiled eggs when they came to see him.

A Triangle, by Maurice Baring. London: Heinemann, 1923. 6*s*.

[*Observer*]

The building-up of a story from the impressions of different onlookers is an attractive, but difficult, method of fiction. Mr. Conrad has employed it with singular dexterity and finish in some of his later works. Mr. Baring, after one scarcely successful experiment, makes another attempt in this volume with much better effect. He stamps the figures of Dennis Joynet and his wife so strongly upon the retina in the first version of the case that we willingly pursue the others in search of the links which it has omitted. At the same time it must be said that he creates more interest than he is able to satisfy. The marked but elusive personality of Mrs. Joynet, for instance, whose portrait an eminent artist abandons in despair, goes for nothing in the last analysis: a perfectly ordinary woman would have filled her place in the plot just as well. That is to say that the construction of the tale is effective as regards interest, but ill-balanced in point of art. It derives plenty of charm, however, from the note of urbanity which Mr. Baring is so adept in imparting to his work.

German Strategy in the Great War, by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Neame. London: Arnold, 1923.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Though primarily intended for soldiers, the book may be read with profit by all. It will be found far from dull; for the author has retained in the text the little stories and anecdotes by which a skillful lecturer holds the attention of his audience during the hour that they must listen to him or doze. He deals, in the Western Theatre, with the open warfare in 1914 and the five German offensives in 1918, from the enemy's side, and has a slight sketch of the events between those years; it gives an exceedingly clear and valuable epitome of the campaigns on the Eastern front, of which no short account has hitherto been available in English, and of the Rumanian campaign. The book provides a framework on which to base more detailed study. For the general reader it will probably suffice; and as seventeen maps are attached, containing all the place names mentioned, the narrative is very easy to follow.

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Sharp, Thomas. *Poems.* London: Macmillan, 1923. 6*s*.

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A Book of First Aid Towards the Solution of a Public Enigma

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

A CONTEMPORARY ESTIMATE

By EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

Excerpts from the Chronology
With pertinent quotations from Mr. Coolidge's writings

1880-1891—*At School*

"Civilization depends not only upon the knowledge of the people, but upon the use they make of it. If knowledge be wrongfully used, civilization commits suicide."

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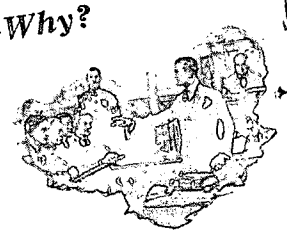

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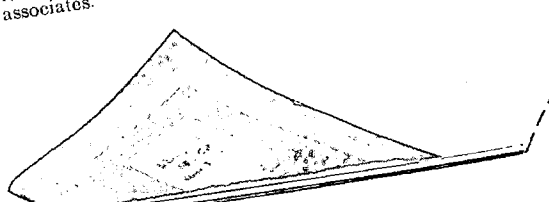

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